

Jesuit-Krauss-McCormick Library

BV4225 .W453

Wells, Amos R

MAIN

Studies in the art of illustration : pic



3 9967 00217 0095

VIRGINIA LIBRARY



PRESBYTERIAN
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
CHICAGO

826 Belden Avenue



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bwb_T5-AQK-939

STUDIES IN THE ART
OF ILLUSTRATION

A M O S R. W E L L S

Bible Miniatures

12mo, cloth, net \$1.25

One Hundred and Fifty Scriptural
Character Studies.

Studies in the Art of Illustration

2d Edition. 12mo, cloth, net \$1.25

The Cheer Book

2d Edition. 12mo, cloth, net \$1.00

A Store of Daily Optimism. A quotation, verse or prose, from different authors, for each day of the year.

Three Years with the Children

4th Edition. \$1.25

Or three times fifty-two five minute sermons.

A Business Man's Religion

Kingship Series. Decorated Boards 30c

Sunday School Success

7th Edition. Gilt Top \$1.25

*When Thou Hast Shut
Thy Door*

3d Edition. Long 16mo, cloth, 50c

Morning and Evening Meditations
for a Month.

Nutshell Musings

18mo, cloth. *The Quiet Hour Series* 25c

Counsels for the Quiet Hour.

Studies in the Art of Illustration

Pictures of Truth from the News-
papers, Science, and the Round of
Daily Life, for the use of Preachers,
Sunday-school Teachers, Prayer-
Meeting Speakers, and for all Readers

By

AMOS R. WELLS

Author of "Sunday-School Success," etc.



NEW YORK CHICAGO TORONTO
Fleming H. Revell Company
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

Copyright, 1903, by
FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY
(October)

THIRD EDITION

YANKEE ALBANY

YORUBA

YANKEE ALBANY

New York : 158 Fifth Avenue
Chicago : 63 Washington Street
Toronto : 27 Richmond Street, W
London : 21 Paternoster Square
Edinburgh : 30 St. Mary Street

Preface

THINGS are shadows of thoughts. Christ took more texts from the world He had made than from the Book He had made. That is one reason why the Bible is alive: both Old and New Testaments refuse to feed upon their own substance, but draw substance to themselves from nature and human events. Thus the Bible becomes the Bread of life to men.

Following these high examples, the wise Christian in his thinking and teaching and preaching will seek the sermons that God has hidden everywhere. He will break more truth out of the Word, but also he will mine in the book of nature and delve in the soil of human interests and action.

This book is a study in the art of illustration. The pictures of truth it contains I have found in no formal gallery. I have not looked for them at all. They have flashed out at me from the advertising pages of newspapers, the play of children, the clatter of machinery, the pageantry of nature. Any illustration worth the name must come that way.

And so, though I hope this book will be practically useful to many preachers, Sunday-school teachers, and prayer-meeting workers, probably it will be less by furnishing precise illustrations than by affording a

Preface

stimulus to parables, and a hint here and there for seeking and expressing them.

To the reader who has no utilitarian end in view, I can only say that I hope he will find in the perusal of these pages some part of the great pleasure I have had in writing them. The discovery of natural law in the spiritual world and of spiritual law in the natural world fills both worlds with a fresh beauty, and gives something of the exhilaration that Columbus felt when he saw rising out of the ocean the other half of the earth.

For permission to include material printed in their papers, I am very grateful to the editors and publishers of *The Sunday-School Times*, *The Young People's Weekly*, and *The Christian Endeavor World*.

AMOS R. WELLS.

Boston.

Contents

The Science of Buying Peaches	13
Stem-Winders	15
Typewriter Talk	17
On Sidings	19
Patches	21
The Moral of "Alice in Wonderland"	24
Shut Out from Home	27
What My Dentist Might Say	29
What Liquid Air Can Do	31
Caroline's Vocabulary	33
When Your Pencil is Sharp	35
The Safety-Brake	36
Magnifying One's Office	37
In Jesse Pomeroy's Cell	39
Hidden Wealth	41
Honey in the Home	43
A Ready-Made Hero	44
The Armour Way	45
Pains and Perfection	47
Microbes in Your Mouth	49
Gold in Garbage	51
Unsuitable Symbols	53
Wipe Your Glasses	55
The Art of Floating	56
My Old Friend, Niagara	57

Contents

A Canoe Contrivance	60
A "Thin" Roll	61
In Debt	63
A Lesson from the Symmetroscope	65
All Moonshine	67
My "Ever-Ready"	68
"On Deck"	70
Getting Out of Bed	74
Sewing on a Button	75
Sit Crooked and Judge Straight	77
Hello!	79
Set on a Hill	80
My Fountain Pen and I	82
Being Level-Headed	83
Learn to Climb Trees	85
Hypnotism	87
A Well-Fitting Coat	90
The Hands and the Venus	91
Set in Your Way	93
Nautilus People	95
How Do You Feel?	96
What the Smoke Said	98
At Napoleon's Tomb	100
Flow South!	102
Gift Angels	104
"I Wish You!"	107
Pledges at the Counter	109
A Matter of Gum	110
The Reserve at the Wheel	112
Look Out for Safety-Valves!	113
A Prayer-Meeting Mirror	115

Contents

The Loveliest Spot in Boston	116
How to Forget Fear	117
My Supersensitive Watch	118
How Many Languages?	119
The Slums by Preference	122
The Overflow	124
Caroline's Rowing	125
Rejected Manuscripts	127
"Do You Get Him?"	129
War Lung	131
The Difficulty of a Front Lawn	132
When Gushers Cease to Gush	134
Intermittent Shiners	136
Mark Time—March!	138
Those Top Boards	141
Don't Push!	143
One Hundred and Sixty Miles in One Hundred and Fifty Minutes	145
Flying Other People's Flags	147
"Bon Voyage"	149
"Dealer in Anything and Everything"	151
Frog Showers	153
The Conquest of Contempt	154
The Parable of a Gangplank	155
The Difference the Tide Made	157
"Force"	160
"Out of Sorts"	161
The Usefulness of Uniforms	163
My Safety Razor	166
The Helpfulness of Mud	167
Why They Keep up the Derricks	168

Contents

The Composing-Stick	170
"Dele"	172
Ordering Lunch	174
Old Brass	175
Lift-Up Letters and Pull-Down Letters	177
A Dead Tooth	179
"That's All"	181
Shoddy Folks	182
The Bumble Bee	184
Overheard at the Fruit-Stand	186
The Taste of Words	188
Garments and the Gospel	189
Two Theories of Advertising	191
Paste Diamonds	193
Removal Sales	194
My Phosphorescent Clock	196
They Make no Sign	198
A Paris Shop-Window	200
Shifting Cargoes	202
A Biography Worth Having	203
Portable Churches	204
A Business Signature	206
Light-Diffusers	207
By Jerks	209
Mosquitoes—in Time	211
How to Play Quoits	212
Why Helen Keller is Happy	213
See Whom You are Holding	215
Take up the Tracks!	217
Poisoning the Lunch	218
"Saving Our Face"	221

Contents

Sheathed Trains	222
No Hurry	224
Automobile Christianity	225
That Diamond Ring	226
The Wrong Punishment	227
Why Folks are Tall	228
On the Moving Sidewalk	229



Studies in the Art of Illustration

THE SCIENCE OF BUYING PEACHES

MOST cities have now forbidden the practice, but it used to be common for fruit-dealers to cover their peach-baskets with pink mosquito netting. The illusion produced was remarkable. The greenest lot of hard-skins ever picked too soon were made to glow with irresistible beauty, and dollars fairly leaped out of purses until we learned by experience that clear air is safer than tarlatan.

**Illustrating
How to Find
Truth**

Still, though that trick is contrary to law, the fruit-dealers have much craft in reserve. How shrewdly they heap up their peaches! Did any one, on looking at a fruit-stall from the front, ever see a small specimen of anything? In trim pyramids they rise, luscious heaps of summer sweetness, and every peach is a Jumbo. But, of course, the purchaser cannot demand that this fair and symmetrical structure should be dismantled, and does not object, though he entertains misgivings, when his paper sack is deftly filled from the rear of the pile. Alas, when the bag is opened, how green, how little, how weazenened and unsound! After I have been cheated in that fashion at one fruit-stand, for a season I walk by it with a dis-

Studies in the Art of Illustration

dain that I foolishly hope the dealer observes, and make my purchase of his rival, a few feet farther on, only in turn to be cheated by him.

I think, too, that I never failed, if I bought my peaches at one stall, to find bigger peaches, and more of them, offered at a lower price in the next block. It is not fancy, it is actually so; it is a rule of the game, though how it works with folks going in the opposite direction I have never cared to inquire. Therefore I now deem it expedient to make a rapid survey of Market Street, and buy my peaches on the way back.

Furthermore, I have found it wise, in treating with an untried dealer, to buy a single peach, eat it on the spot, and make further purchases or pass on according to the verdict of my palate. And, if I really want fine peaches, I reflect that all best things come high, and I bargain with the dealer for the privilege of making my own selection.

On the whole, I have learned that it pays to walk even a considerable distance out of my way in order to reach a dealer whose honesty and fairness I have proved by thorough tests. He knows my little notions, and I know his. The peaches I buy of him look as well on the table as in the shop, and my purse retains a more complacent girth.

So it is—and the moral need not be long, for the truths are obvious—so it is with that most important of all purchases, the bargain Solomon had in mind when he wrote, “Buy the truth, and sell it not.” Oh, the pink, delusive netting spread over lies! How

Stem-Winders

luscious they look, and how we waste our substance on the unhealthy shams! How many a man, too, is expert in that form of falsehood known as "putting the best foot foremost,"—making a show of prosperity in front with bankruptcy close behind, presenting a surface of learning that is only one layer deep, flaunting a form of righteousness while within is rottenness, piling all the big peaches in the front of the stall! It pays, indeed it pays, to take long looks before judging of men and opinions, walking the length of Experience Street, and buying the truth on our way home. It pays to require proofs of something more than surface show, and pass on if the proofs are withheld. It pays to buy a sample at these shops of opinion, and "by one know all." It pays to make your own selection of the truths you will carry away home, and not let any one else pick them out for you. Finally, and most of all, it pays to deal with the "old reliables,"—to trust those men, institutions, books, and systems of thought, that have commended themselves to generations of the past. Buying the truth at such stalls, you will find it healthful and sound.

STEM-WINDERS

WE have almost forgotten what a nuisance the old-fashioned watch-key was. We used to lose it. We used to borrow other folks' keys, and they wouldn't fit. It used to wear out, get slippery at the corners, get round-holed. Watch-winding was so much trouble that we postponed it or forgot it. Some genius

Illustration
of the Love
of Work

Studies in the Art of Illustration

invented a "universal watch-key," with spring nippers that were warranted to fit any watch. They worked for a week, until the spring rusted or collapsed.

And then came a chronometrical Columbus who discovered the art of stem-winding. Straightway keys were tossed into the ash-barrel. Watch-winding became a pleasure, an instinct.

But, alas and alas ! the stem-winding Christian is not yet so common. It is hard to set most men to work and to keep them a-going. For some people very peculiar keys are needed before you can move on the mainsprings of their lives. The pastor, the teacher, the Sunday-school superintendent, carries a big ring full of them, and sometimes tries them all without finding the right one. No form of persuasion, no skill of coaxing, no manner of argument or appeal, will set their wheels to going round or put their hands in motion. And if, by chance, one lights upon the right key, as likely as not it wears out within a month.

As for a universal key,—there is none. Some have thought they had one, but their conceit is in inverse ratio to the number of lives they have tried it on.

What a comfort it is, then, to come across the stem-winding Christians ! These good people are all set to working by the same means. This means is apparent, and is ready at hand. You always know where to find it—and them. More than that,—it does not vary, but as they are wound up and set to work to-day they will be to-morrow, and next year, and next century.

This key, this motive that reaches down to the very heart and mainspring of their lives, is love of Chris-

Typewriter Talk

tian work, roughened, for firm grasping, by a strong sense of duty. It is nothing external ; they are in no more danger of losing it than of losing their hands or their faces ; it is a constituent part of themselves.

A jeweler would find it no easy task to make over an old-fashioned watch into a stem-winder. Probably he could not do it at all. Most certainly it would not pay. But in lives it is quite another matter. It is not easy here, either, to effect the transformation, but it has been done in thousands of cases.

And it pays.

TYPEWRITER TALK

No one can hammer long upon a typewriter without getting some truths hammered into his own head. The intelligent machine talks back.

My typewriter, for instance, has been trying to teach me how to make a good impression. That is one thing we are in the world for,—to influence men.

Illustration of
Influence

“ You must hit the right letters,” that was the first precept the typewriter laid down. It meant by that, I conclude, that, if we want to make a good impression upon the people we meet, we must choose proper themes of conversation, we must not rub them the wrong way, we must mind our p’s and q’s. The man of ecstasies, who always talks in capital letters ; the man of a hobby, whose mental typewriter is forever practicing on a few copy sentences ; Herr Grasshopper, who leaps from topic to topic as a child would

Studies in the Art of Illustration

strike aimlessly the typewriter keys,—all make bad impressions. We must start with a capital and a paragraph, and go straight on down a coherent page, says my typewriter.

“Get an even touch!” the shrewd machine continues. Some operators print one line feebly, and the next strongly, and close every sentence with a period that perforates the paper. How restful, how pleasant, are the folks that are always the same, my typewriter means. They are not in April to-day, August to-morrow, and December next week. Let us seek an even temper, an even touch on life’s key-board.

“And look to your ribbon!” snaps out the typewriter. “I have seen many a sheet spoiled because the ribbon was not shifted, or was worked too far toward the end. You can’t make a good impression without fresh ink.” Does it mean, perchance, that a man can’t expect to work off forever on the same audience the same stock of ideas? Is it hinting at fresh studies and new interests? I wonder.

“Oil often!” How frequently my typewriter, just like my lawn-mower, says that! Only a drop of oil is needed, to be sure, but the drop goes straight to the strategic points. Lacking it, the machine begins to hitch and squeak, skip letters and double them, spoil my temper and my copy. What oil must we use, fellow-Christians, if we are to make good impressions among men? It has many names. “Tact” is one of them.

But the people we meet! Ah! here my typewriter has an advantage, for it carries along with it the paper

On Sidings

on which it would make an impression, while we are quite powerless over people. Sometimes the typewriter's paper carriage does not move at all, and half a dozen letters may be superimposed. It is like talking to sluggish minds, that make no attempt to follow. Sometimes the operator forgets to move up the paper cylinder at the end of a line, and the following line gets printed over its predecessor, thus erasing both,—for all the world like the listeners that pretend to be hearing, but are thinking their own thoughts the while. My typewriter has its paper under wise control, if it will. Would that we could all say as much for our partners in conversation, our scholars, our congregations. It would be so much easier, then, to make a good impression.

ON SIDINGS

I HAVE a deep respect for the man in the signal tower. He stands at a focal point. He is a manager. His eye on the track, and his hand on the lever, and his mind ever fixed on his task, he directs the traffic of a nation, and guides innumerable lives to their desired haven. He throws over a steel arm, and far off along the shining parallels a signal falls,—the switch of the siding is open. Along comes an accommodation train, and slips into its appointed stall. Another pull on the lever, and the signal flies horizontal. The accommodation train is locked safely in. The main track is unimpeded. Off in the distance a

Illustration of
a Sense of
Proportion

Studies in the Art of Illustration

rapidly lengthening line of smoke. It becomes a rumble, then a roar, then the express thunders by. The engineer, for all his sharp lookout, is not worrying. He has all steam on. He is racing the wind. He knows that the accommodation train is on the siding, and the way is clear. He has confidence in time-tables, and the block system, and the man in the tower. Now the switch can be opened by another turn of the wrist. Now the accommodation train can creep out of its stall, and go ploddingly on its way, sure that when it is time for another express train there will be another signal tower, and another prompt hand on the lever, and another siding. Thus the business of the world gets done.

But not all of it,—no, alas ! not all.

For there are workers not a few that know nothing about sidings and switches. Their tasks move one at a time along a single track. Every job must go through to the terminus, and telegraph its safe arrival, before another job is started. That is being thorough, you know. And all jobs must go the same number of miles an hour. That, you know, is being methodical.

My brethren, the railroad philosophy is this: not everything is of equal importance. It is sometimes well to put things off. Nay, if a man is to carry through the most important matters, it is only by shifting to one side, temporarily, the matters of less importance. The best workers have a stern sense of proportion. Some tasks run express; others are accommodation tasks, and grow acquainted with the sidings.

Patches

To the siding with the avocation, leaving the main track for the vocation. The siding for amusements and recreation, the main track for those things that amusement and recreation are healthfully to promote. The siding for temporal things, the main track for eternal things. The siding for self-gratification, the main track for helpfulness. The siding for the newspaper, the main track for the Bible. The siding for self-appointed tasks, the main track for what you have agreed to do. The siding for indeterminate work, the main track for the duty of the day.

And don't worry about your sidings, though every one of them is full of cars, and every car is full of passengers or of freight. Learn to bear them all quietly in mind. Learn to come serenely back to them. Understand how many sidings you have, and don't start more accommodation trains than they will accommodate. And ever hold up before you as a model that man in the signal tower, with his alert eye, and his hand on the lever, and his sense of the supremacy of expresses.

PATCHES

SOME men will not wear patched garments. Very well; if they can afford it, and if they give their old clothes to the needy, I think no one should object.

Illustrating
the Correction
of Errors

But whatever may be true of garments, it is often necessary for every man to patch up his life. He has made a business

Studies in the Art of Illustration

blunder and must rectify it. He has offended a friend and must apologize. He has done wrong, and must confess it and ask forgiveness. He has failed to make sufficient preparation, and must sharpen his tools in the midst of his task. He has begun a tower without counting the cost, and must plan it over again, several stories shorter. Ah! there are holes enough in every life, eaten by sin and worn by folly. All souls need their patches.

That is why I think it well for a man to wear patched clothes now and then, and even to put on the patches himself occasionally, that he may learn something about the art of patching, and go to school to his trousers or his shoes.

He will learn, in the first place, that "a stitch in time saves"—a patch. To close a breach in friendship, to cut out a rotten piece of life, to put a needed warp into the woof of your business, there will never be so good a time as now. Time heals many wounds, but has no needle and thread for a life that needs patching. Every day your mending-basket lies idle means a bigger patch, and may mean a life garment past patching altogether.

Another truth a man may learn from his patches, is that the patch must be much larger than the hole it is to cover. Back of the hole is a circle of cloth that is half worn out, too weak to hold the thread. So it is that no error can be remedied merely on the ground of the error. All around it there are life regions into which the error has balefully spread. If you have injured a friend, more than the friend has been injured by

Patches

it. If you have spoken evil words, more have heard them than the original audience. If you have allowed a sin to get dominion over you, it has introduced some companion sin. Let your renovation be liberal, bold, far reaching.

But a complementary truth is this, that it is possible, in patching, to take too many stitches. The superabundance of new threads, each with its separate stress and contradictory tension, is certain to aggravate rather than heal the rent.

Thus, also, too many words spoil a reconciliation, too much brooding spoils a repentance, too much display spoils a confession. Often, only a touch, a silent hand-shake, the tone of the voice, a smile, or a tear, will draw the ragged edges together, and make the life whole again.

Yet this is not to say that we may hide our patches. Frankness is one of the patching virtues. Some shoemakers put "invisible patches" on shoes,—miserable affairs of glue and shaved edges, that are always curling up, and disgracing you with the hint that you are ashamed of your economy! And there are patchers whose boast it is that they can sew a piece of new cloth so deftly into the old that only a sharp eye can discern the emendation. Such patches, once discovered, stand out thenceforward like a solved puzzle. If you must wear patches, on garments material or spiritual, make no secret of it, for it's no use.

I am not forgetting, however, that patches are, at their best, miserable makeshifts. What we want is not patched garments but new garments; and those—

Studies in the Art of Illustration

God grant it!—we may all have some day, tossing gayly into the rubbish heap these mended and thrice mended habiliments of earth.

THE MORAL OF "ALICE IN WONDERLAND"

THERE are four books which make up a large part of every fortunate child's life. The first three you can name for yourself, and the fourth is

Illustrating	"Alice in Wonderland."	This is the
Stable		most deliciously absurd fairy story ever
Living		written, "the moral of which is,"—to

borrow from one of its remarkable characters, the Duchess—that a story may be a very capital story without any moral at all.

Now it is so exceedingly rare, of late, to find a story whose very purpose is to have no purpose, that it seems quite a desecration to find a moral for this one, even though the moral is as plain as the grin on the story's own Cheshire Cat. But we can all remember that it was an accident, and that Mr. Carroll never meant to put it there.

Probably the most striking thing about the book—more remarkable than the Mock Turtle, the Hatter, or the March Hare—is the trouble Alice had in the matter of growing. She drinks from the bottle labeled, "Drink Me," on the glass table in the rabbit-hole, and shuts up like a telescope to a height of ten inches. She eats the cake from the little glass box, and shoots

The Moral of "Alice in Wonderland"

up almost out of sight of her own feet. She fans herself with the fan dropped by the White Rabbit, and nearly shrinks to nothing, falling into the pool of tears she had wept when nine feet high. She drinks from a bottle in the White Rabbit's room, and immediately fills the apartment, being compelled to stick an arm out of window, and a foot up chimney. Become a pigmy again by eating some little cakes with which they pelt her, she gets along well enough till she comes across a mushroom. Eating one side of this by the advice of a Smoking Caterpillar, she condenses so rapidly that her chin strikes her foot. A difficult bite from the other side promptly shoots out her neck, which rises like a stalk from the tops of the forest trees.

"And the moral of all that is,"—this! I have known many a person in actual life troubled much as was Alice in Wonderland. The bitter taste of some reproof almost dwarfs them to nothing in their despair. The next hour a sweet morsel of flattery puffs them out till their spirits, if not their heads, touch the ceiling. Before the idle breath of some contemptuous remark they collapse, and almost go out like a candle, floundering in an ocean of tears. The successful accomplishment of the next task makes them feel so big that the house cannot contain them; but a little pelting of sarcasm soon causes a shrinkage. Eating one side of the mushroom of their foolish imaginings, their humiliation brings their heads to the ground; eating the other, with their lofty foreheads they strike the stars.

Do you know, I think that a Christian life ought not

Studies in the Art of Illustration

to grow by jerks, nor be subject to these perplexing fluctuations. A Christian ought not to be exalted to the skies one minute and the next wallowing in the slough of despondency. A Christian life ought to be a quiet, happy, steady growth, like a healthy child's. And what is the cause of these wretched spiritual transformations that come so suddenly to the most of us? I get this answer, too, from Alice in Wonderland!

For Alice reached the country where these marvels happened, you remember, by falling for a long time down a very deep well, away from the every-day world of common occurrences, where her sister lived and her mother, off all by herself—that self which changed so often that she doubted if she were herself.

And in precisely the same way, when you find yourself addicted to these unpleasant spiritual contractions and expansions, you may know that you have got off by yourself, away from your friends, from the people you might help and be helped by, from the every-day duties and commonplace joys, and that you are falling deeper and deeper into a well of selfishness,—into no bright Wonderland like Alice's, but into a gloomy, cold region, where are goblins for fairies, and misery for happiness. And now *wouldn't* Mr. Carroll be angry if he knew we had dared to get so large a moral out of his book!

Shut Out from Home

SHUT OUT FROM HOME

It was a very silly thing to do, but I did it, and I had to take the consequences. In the first place, I was all alone in the house, my family being at the seashore. In the second place, I had on neither my coat nor my vest. In the third place, the post-man rang the front door-bell, and after ten minutes or so I went out on the porch to see what he left in the mail box for me. And in the fourth place, I gave the front door a little swing, and it shut behind me with a bang.

Illustrating
the Love of
Home

I knew in a minute what I had done. The spring lock was down, my keys were all in my vest pocket, and I was locked out.

The mail instantly lost all its interest for me. The problem was, how could I get back into my own house? Every window was fast, as I well knew. But hold! There were the windows of the summer kitchen. I went around the house, managed to open the blinds from the outside, propped up a settee against the side of the house, and climbed in. With the air of a conqueror I was about to enter my summarily abandoned castle when I discovered—what I might as well have remembered—that the door of the kitchen—the regular kitchen—was locked, and I might as well be on the porch again.

Outdoors once more, I skirmished around till I found a heavy grape trellis, which I propped against the porch roof, knowing that the up-stairs windows

Studies in the Art of Illustration

were open. I climbed up the trellis, and looked longingly over the roof toward the open window; but the trellis was too short and the roof was too slippery with last night's rain to allow me safely to pull myself up on it.

Well, what next? I plodded through the wet grass to a neighbor's, and, somewhat scantily attired, rang the front door-bell. When the lady of the house appeared, I asked her help in burglarizing my own house. Inwardly amused, I doubt not, but outwardly very sympathetic, she took me down cellar, and I hauled out a long step-ladder which I carried off in huge delight. I found that, by standing on the top step, I could manage to pull myself up into one of the second-story windows.

How good it seemed to be home once more! How enjoyable was each familiar object! I had been gone half an hour; it seemed an age. I felt like a returned prodigal; I did, indeed.

As I carried home the step-ladder, and as I put the grape trellis and settee back in their places, and as I removed from my trousers the evidences of their attacks on the porch roof, I had time to think of a few things. As, for instance, how easy it is to shut one's self out of one's home. As easy as that swing of the door. Just a cross word will do it. Just a mean suspicion will answer. Just one bit of injustice, or one act of selfishness. The door slams behind you. You rattle fiercely at it, but the latch is down. Suddenly, angrily, you try this way and that way to get in. It is your own house. You can peep through

What My Dentist Might Say

the windows and see all the dear household objects. There is the pleasant book you just laid down. There is the couch from which you arose only an hour ago. There are even the rest of your clothes. But all the delights and comforts of your home are shut away from you by that instant's wrong-doing as thoroughly as if you had flung yourself into another planet. Like a thief you are compelled to "climb up some other way." With soul-bruises and spirit-toil you slowly win back again what you have lost, and you are at home again.

But how much better it would have been not to have slammed that door !

WHAT MY DENTIST MIGHT SAY

If dentists were only preachers, what chances they would have ! Their audiences would come to them one at a time, and they could not get away. What object-lessons the dentist preacher would have ready to his hand ! What practical applications ! What thirdlies and tenthlies ! I can imagine him at it :—

**Illustration of
the Results
of Sin**

"Now open your mouth wide." (He puts on the thumb-screw,—that fiendish little instrument that separates the teeth and all but separates your soul from your body.) "Hurt you ? Yes, there is nothing pleasant about dentistry. If you *won't* take care of your teeth, you must take the consequences." (He probes with his minute brad-awl,

Studies in the Art of Illustration

and touches the quick. You flinch, and he cheerfully continues.) "It is just like sin, I suppose. The decay got a lodgment through carelessness." (He selects a cold-blooded steel chisel, and begins to chip off pieces of agony, moralizing the while.) "Yes, folks give up their daily communions with the Father, their daily purgings from evil thoughts and low ambitions, just as you left off the use of tooth-powder and water. You did not think anything about the toothache. You only thought how busy you were those days." (He has torn off the ragged edges of enamel and worked his way down into the sensitive dentine, and every punch is a flame-dart of pain.) "When you felt the beginning of the cavity, you were a little scared, and you began to clean your teeth regularly; but you soon got used to the cavity; your tongue fitted into it naturally; you fell right back into the old slovenly ways. Just like sin, for all the world." (He draws out his buzzer, that circular-saw arrangement which none of you need to have described with greater particularity. Its serpent-like arm begins to writhe and hum with energy. Its adder-like tongue begins to bore its excruciating way into your nerves.) "I suppose, after a while, you even got to liking that cavity into which your tongue fitted so naturally. It became a familiar part of yourself. Your mouth would have felt strange without it—is going to feel strange without it. You nursed it as some folks nurse their pet sins." (The tooth-separator slips. A few more turns upon it, which bring out the sudden perspiration as if a giant

What Liquid Air Can Do

had squeezed you in a vise. Your head becomes a hot ball of horror.) “If you had gone to the dentist as soon as the cavity began, it would not have been so bad; but now I must kill the nerve and get it out. You will have a dead tooth instead of a living one. No amount of dental skill can put your tooth back where it was. And just so with sin, brother, just so with sin.” (He rams down the poison upon the nerve, and packs it in with cotton to make sure of a night of torture for you, and he lets you up out of the chair with a parting shot.) “Now let this be a warning to you. Lay in a new tooth-brush and the best tooth-wash you can find, and use them after every meal. And do not forget what Paul said about keeping the body under.”

That is about what my dentist might say, and what I have no doubt he would like to say if a regard for his pocketbook would allow him to express his sentiments. And his congregation would not be able to forget the sermon. They would get it, as the saying is, “right in the mouth.”

WHAT LIQUID AIR CAN DO

CHARLES E. TRIPPLER is a wonderful man. If he had lived a few centuries ago, he would have been executed, as plainly in league with the Evil One. Matter under his shrewd manipulation becomes weirdly transformed.

Illustration of
Mental
Frigidity

I saw him bounce a rubber ball on the platform,—

Studies in the Art of Illustration

a very bouncy rubber ball. He dipped it in his can of liquid air, threw it to the floor, and it cracked, like a glass ball, into a thousand fragments.

I saw him take a bunch of exquisite roses, hold them for an instant in the same deadly bath, withdraw them, and—though color and shape were unchanged—they had grown so brittle that he crushed them to finest dust in his hand, as if they were some of the glass flowers from the Harvard Museum.

I saw him take a beefsteak, so good that it made my mouth water. It probably came from Parker's, next door. He plunged it in his infernal cook-stove, withdrew it, and threw it on the table, a beefsteak of iron—such as you get in a fifteen-cent restaurant. He broke it into small bits with a hammer, and threw them among the audience.

Well, those are only samples of his performances, which included driving a nail with a hammer of frozen quicksilver, boiling a kettle with no other fuel than a block of ice, and freezing water solid on top of a dozen burning gas-jets.

Liquid air is yet in its infancy. I believe that a great future is before it. Hundreds went away from that lecture convinced that some day our engines will be driven by its power.

But these experiments, just the same, forced upon my mind quite a different analogy. I could not help comparing liquid air to the kind of atmosphere some men—and women—carry around with them. It is an air as frigid as any that Trippler ever turned out of his laboratory. It is made up of pride and

Caroline's Vocabulary

self-conceit and learning and theorizing in about equal parts, all under high pressure. You cannot get within ten feet of it without congealing. A quart of it in a social will freeze a whole roomful solid. A gallon of it is good for the petrification of an entire church. A hog's head of it—it usually *is* kept in a hog's head—will answer for a good-sized community. The most beautiful color, form, and fragrance, the most exhilarating motion, the most satisfying nutriment, become, at the approach of this atmosphere, stiff, useless, dead. It is perfectly respectable—there is lots of blue blood in it—no air so blue as liquid air. But, just the same, it is the destruction of joy, and growth, and life. If you have any of this air in your church, I beseech you to call for the genial Mr. Trippler, and get him to bottle it up and take it home with him.

CAROLINE'S VOCABULARY

My little daughter Caroline is solicitous concerning her vocabulary. Whenever she hears a new word, she is soon whispering it over to herself, and at the very first opportunity she lugs it into her discourse, usually with appropriateness. I well remember how pleased she was on her first acquaintance with "finally." The family had nothing else for a season. Circumstances were altered to suit the beautiful word. "I have been putting on my coat, mamma. I tugged

**Illustrating the
Getting of
New Ideas**

Studies in the Art of Illustration

and I tugged, and fin'lly I got it on." Though the coat had gone on with the greatest ease.

At the present writing the small girl has picked up somewhere—doubtless in some story read to her—a participial collocation that strikes her fancy, and for the last week we have had it in infinite variety. "It is going to rain, says I, bringing out my umbrella." "My dolly has a sore throat, says I, getting ready a mustard plaster." "Help me up, says I, reaching out my hands to you." "O, isn't this fun! says I, going hoppety skipety jump."

It is all droll enough, but it has a purpose back of it, and though sometimes it becomes tiresome, I would not stop it for the world, because it is Caroline's method of learning the language.

I can the more readily endure it in my young lass, because I have learned to put up with it in so many people with gray hair and bald pates. They get a new idea, or a new way of doing something. At once they are delighted with it, and it becomes the only thing in the world to them. They talk in terms of it. They live for nothing else.

If it is a book, no such book was ever before written. If it is a new kind of fancy type, it must be used in the title of every article in the paper. If it is a new organization, all the old organizations must be given up, and everybody must come into this one. If it is a new term of philosophy or of science, it must be introduced into every conversation.

We get very tired of these men. We call them "faddists" and "cranks" and "one-idea folks," and

When Your Pencil is Sharp

we prophesy, with reason, that in a few weeks or months the reign of this notion will be forgotten, and an entirely fresh novelty will have taken its place.

Yet, after all, it is their way of learning, and it is very much the world's way of learning. "We learn by doing," is a common saying, which is only half true, for most people learn by *over*-doing, by "running a thing into the ground." And, after all, it doesn't much matter, if we only *do* learn, and don't stand still.

WHEN YOUR PENCIL IS SHARP

"MANNERS make the man," do they? Well, tools make the workman—or half make him.

I notice it at my desk. As my pencil wears down to the wood, as it becomes stubby, as the chewing for ideas renders it pulpy, as, in short, my pencil gets out at the elbows and down at the heel, the world degenerates with it. Things begin to hitch. The desk gets littered up. The printing office shouts through the telephone for more copy. The callers grow cranky. My head feels like a lump of dough, with an ache somewhere in it for a kernel. All this, as my pencil wears down to the wood.

**Illustrating
Preparation
for Work**

And then if I brace up and take time to sharpen it, and especially if I sharpen it well, with a long, tapering point, and a neat cone of cedar sloping down to it all around,—if I do this, presto! the world is transformed. The sun comes out. Callers are the most

Studies in the Art of Illustration

delightful folk in the country. Desk is cleared as by magic. Telephone holds its peace. Head opens out within like a spring landscape. Ideas come thick as birds on a cherry-tree. Paper is smooth. Graphite is smooth. Writing is an express train with all brakes off and all steam on. And I'll never let my pencil get stubby again.

THE SAFETY-BRAKE

IN the great office building opposite *my* office building, they run constantly many large and swift elevators. It takes my breath away to be whirled skyward in one of them, and as for coming down—there are the stairs, and I believe in exercise.

**Illustration
of God's
Warnings**

Once an awkward accident happened in one of these elevators. A sudden call caused the captain of the craft—a new man—to check her all too suddenly in mid-career. The car bounded upward an inch or two, as cars will under such circumstances, and—there they were, a great car full of people, immovably fastened between two floors. The safety-brake was set.

This contrivance is so arranged, it seems, that as long as the weight of the car is on the wire ropes, whether ascending or descending, that weight holds it from action; but when it is in the least relaxed—as it would be, for instance, if one of the ropes should part, and as it was when the car bounded upward,—the brake is fixed, and the car is fixed; nothing will bring it down but the fall of the building.

Magnifying One's Office

The occupants of the car were prisoners until mechanics could be sent for to make an opening in the elevator shaft and get them out by means of a step-ladder.

You are laughing ; but you did not laugh when *you* were caught that same way. You never were caught in that way ? O yes, you have been, for the universe is full of safety-brakes. Headaches are usually safety-brakes. Criticism is one of them. Neuralgia is another. Failure is still another. Why, God has a thousand ways of stopping folks when they are going too fast, or have snapped some rope, or when some portion of their life is getting worn out. The first thing they know, the wheels have stopped revolving, the car is stationary, and they are on their backs in some cool, dark place, with a plenty of time to think about it, and repent, and resolve not to do it again. Those are God's safety-brakes, and who in his senses would wish them lessened in number or diminished a whit in power ?

MAGNIFYING ONE'S OFFICE

PUT under the magnifying glass a picture of a fly, and look at it. You may use the brightest light, and the most powerful combination of lenses ; yet you will make of the picture only a group of unsightly splotches. The roughnesses of the paper become hills and valleys ; straight lines become wavering ; smooth colors become uneven. Your magnifying has shown

Illustrating
Pride in
One's Work

Studies in the Art of Illustration

you nothing more of the fly: it has simply brought out all the faults of the picture.

Now use a real fly. What a world of marvels we enter! Here are unimagined beauties; the shrewdest adaptations of means to ends; contrivances most cunning and admirable. And the stronger our magnifying power, the deeper we penetrate into the secrets of this wonderful bit of God's handiwork. It makes such a difference whether we magnify a false thing or a real thing!

You are often urged, president, secretary, committeeman of religious organizations, Sunday-school superintendent or teacher, overseer of any little part of the vineyard,—you are often exhorted to magnify your office. Obey that urging. But see to it that you are magnifying the real thing. For if you enlarge merely some foolish fancy of the office, drawn in lines of conceit and pride and ambition, such magnifying of your office will enlarge only your weakness and foolishness, so that no one can fail to see them. Magnify the real thing, however,—the duty to be done for Christ's blessed sake,—and you have entered a world of marvels finer than any in the material universe. It seemed an insignificant, common duty; but under the lens of consecration, and illuminated by the Light of the World, we see in it unimagined glories, uses far-reaching and noble, the most satisfying of joys. The brighter the light and the stronger the lens, the deeper we penetrate into its secrets of happiness. We need never expect to reach the limit. “And Mary said, ‘My soul doth magnify

In Jesse Pomeroy's Cell

the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. For he hath looked upon the low estate of his handmaiden: for behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.' "

IN JESSE POMEROY'S CELL

THE Massachusetts State Prison at Charlestown contains no inmate so shrewd and desperate as Jesse Pomeroy. Once the prison officers discovered an attempt of his at escape, which for its patient ingenuity is well worth reporting and considering.

Illustrating
Sin's
Imprisonment

Pomeroy had observed that the edge of his tin drinking-cup was finished with a wire, over which the tin was turned. With his hands alone he bent up the tin, took out the wire, and neatly turned the tin back again—in itself a remarkable feat of strength and dexterity. Obtaining in some way a piece of wood, he straightened this wire and set it in the handle.

In some unknown way he managed next to grind or press the point of the wire till it had a sharp, square, cutting edge. The simple making of this instrument must have cost him weeks of toil.

By scraping cautiously with this primitive tool upon the hard-wood planks of the floor of his cell, Pomeroy next contrived to saw them across here and there. All this work had to be done by night, and in the morning dust and dirt were carefully rubbed into the cracks till they were completely hidden.

The floor being raised, there was disclosed, next to

Studies in the Art of Illustration

the wall of the cell, a large joist. This Pomeroy cut through by boring a great number of holes,—nearly a thousand,—each of which had to be cut by the convict as he lay flat on the floor and reached far under with his hand.

The joist broken off, the outer wall was revealed, and Pomeroy proceeded to attack its bricks. He patiently picked them to pieces, and had thus pulverized eight or ten of them, when his excited appearance led to an inch-by-inch examination of his cell with hammer and chisel, and to the discovery of the whole plot.

Now, aside from the astounding patience, skill, and strength shown in the whole exploit, its absolute hopelessness is noteworthy. Pomeroy knew well enough that, with the guards on duty outside night and day, even if he should make his way through his cell walls, his chance of escape would be almost infinitesimal. And yet he toiled on, pleasing himself with even the phantom of a hope of liberty.

And as I read this pathetic story of that desperate and evil-minded man, I was led irresistibly to think of our own imprisonment and our contentment with it. We are shut inside the cell walls of selfishness, oh, how many of us ! and around our hands and feet are the gyves of many a sin ; yes, and the spectre of endless death is in the cell with us, and outside our cell is the free air and happy sunshine of eternal life,—yet we fondle our chains, and kiss our fetters, and will not even take into our hands the powerful tools of escape that our friends bring to us.

Hidden Wealth

You think the picture overdrawn? Ah, it cannot be overdrawn; the prison I mean is blacker than any earthly jail, the freedom more glorious than any earthly liberty.

If our spirit is chained to any sin, then, with even more than the fierce energy of a Jesse Pomeroy, and, bless God! with the perfect hope he lacked, let us toil day and night after the glorious liberty of the children of God.

HIDDEN WEALTH

Not long since there died in New England a woman who had been supposed to be poor. After her death, however, her house gave up to patient searchers sixty thousand dollars in cash, and bank-books representing three thousand dollars more.

Illustrating
Force of
Character

The bank-books were concealed in a chest in a spare bedroom. The money—chiefly in gold coins—was found in all sorts of odd places. Some of it was in bureau drawers that had not been used for many years. Some of it was hidden in the false bottoms of trunks. Some was discovered in the beds. How, with her manner of living, the old woman could have hoarded all this money, was a mystery to every one.

And yet, strange as this story is, people that are familiar with newspapers see such accounts not unfrequently. There are many misers in the world, and a large number of them are shrewd enough not to let

Studies in the Art of Illustration

the world know that they have money enough to be a miser with.

Such a thing is easily possible with the gold and silver, the bank-books and bank-notes of this world. I am wondering, however, whether such a thing is possible with the higher riches of character, of love and of wisdom. What say you? Can a man hoard up these secretly during his life, so that the world, when he dies, will be astonished to find what a rich soul it has lost?

A good many people think they can do this. They think that they can hide their light under a bushel all their lives, but that death will in some way remove the bushel and put their light on a candlestick. But I don't believe a word of it. "Let your light shine *before men*," was the command of the Master.

No, no! a thousand times, no! If you are rich toward God, you cannot conceal such riches from men. If you are hiding love in your heart, it will out through your eyes. If your spirit is unselfish, so will be your words and your acts. If the old saying is true that "murder will out," much more true is it that good will "out."

Even if you could be a miser in spiritual things, it would be as great a disgrace as to be a miser in worldly wealth. Every dollar is misused that lies idle; so is every idle talent. Put all your powers into service. Set your tongue to talking, your feet to walking, your hands to working, your heart to loving, and all this with all your might, earnestly, lovingly, openly, proudly, for the dear Lord's sake.

Honey in the Home

HONEY IN THE HOME

DID you see the other day in the newspapers the account of the peculiar experience in Washington of Senator Thomas H. Carter, of Montana? A swarm of bees took possession of the space beneath one of the floors of his house. They worked away for three years, until the household suddenly awoke to the fact that the floor was a mine of honey. The space was packed full of it. Mr. Carter has taken out hundreds of pounds of the delicious substance. The bees fought bravely for the results of their toil, and had to be driven out by sulphur. All the family became honey-miners, and won sweet and golden rewards.

Illustration of
Home Joys

Well, I do not vouch for the truth of that yarn—I only saw it in a newspaper ; but it will serve, at any rate, to make a point that is decidedly worth making.

Every home ought to be a magazine of honey. Especially should the sitting-room and the dining-room be charged with it. Wherever you tap a rightly constituted home, you should find honey. The breakfast table should be loaded down with it. The parlor should be full of it. It should overflow into the kitchen. The sleeping apartments should have their share. Honey Castle the home should be, from top to bottom.

You do not like honey? But you do like the kind I mean ; for the bees are Benefits, and Benevolence, and Beneficence, and Beauty, and Benefactions, and

Studies in the Art of Illustration

Burden-bearing, and the honey is Happiness ! That is a swarm worth hiving, and a product worth gathering.

A READY-MADE HERO

HERE is a news item I found tucked away in an obscure corner of my paper the other day. I thought it too good to go the way of the long columns about murders, divorce, and political gospel, and therefore I cut it out. Here it is :—

**Illustration of
Heroism**

“ ‘Keep your seats there ! No harm has been done ! It is all right,’ cried Conductor William Holderman last night, and fell senseless to the floor of his car, with three ribs broken and internal injuries. It was his pluck alone that prevented a panic in the crowded Madison-Avenue car. Holderman was standing on the running-board, collecting fares. Between Walker and White Streets a heavy truck with two horses was met. The space was narrow, and the horses swerved. This brought the high seat of the wagon directly against Holderman’s body, and he was jammed in the small space between it and the car. The passengers made a mad scramble to jump off the moving car. Instantly his hand went up to the bell rope, and the car came to a sudden stop, leaving him still pinned in the small space. He saw women preparing to jump, and called out to them to sit still. Then he fell to the floor of the car. At the hospital it was said last night there was small chance for his recovery.”

The Armour Way

We all recognize this as heroism, because the brave conductor had no time to think; it was an instinctive act. If he had rehearsed the scene, if he had committed his words to memory, we might pity him for his sufferings, but we should hardly admire him for heroism.

This is because heroism is not heroism until it is ingrained in the character. No one can become a hero in an instant. Like the flower of the century plant, heroism is the sudden blossoming of what has been years in preparation. It is not premeditated, it is instinctive, because nobility has grown into a habit, and grandeur has become the life blood, and self-sacrifice the very fibre of the nerves.

So we may parody Milton's famous saying, "If you would write an epic, your whole life must be an heroic poem," and assert, "If you would do a deed of heroism at any time in the future, you must begin to be a hero now."

THE ARMOUR WAY

EVERY one knows of the great work done by the Armour Institute of Chicago, founded by the late Philip D. Armour, and endowed by him with two and a half million dollars.

Under the presidency of Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus it has become a noble

school, accomplishing a glorious work for the upbuilding of mankind. After the death of its generous founder, the school received another million dollars,

Illustration of
Modest
Giving

Studies in the Art of Illustration

and received it after this fashion. Here is the way the telegraphic account ran :

“Chicago, April 10. The Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus turned a corner sharply to-day and ran into J. Ogden Armour. They laughed and chattered a few minutes, and then Mr. Armour said, in a most casual way: ‘By the by, Doctor, mother and I have decided to give you a million dollars for the Institute. Excuse me, I must catch that car,’ and he was off like a streak. Mr. Gunsaulus, speaking of the incident afterward, said: ‘I was dazed for a moment, and could hardly believe my ears. And wasn’t it given in just the Armour way?’”

Now the Armour way of giving ought to be our way. It is the way Christ meant when He told us not to let our right hands know what our left hands are doing. When our giving becomes a matter of course, it has become a matter of heart. If we pat ourselves on the head whenever we give anything, if we stop to think, “What a fine fellow I am,” if we say to ourselves, “Now here I am giving five dollars while Mr. Skinflint gives only five cents”—we are not giving in “the Armour way.”

The Armour way does not depend on the size of the gift. We may give in the Armour way just as well with hundreds of dollars as with hundreds of millions. It depends upon the spirit. It is the giving that believes in the object of the gift, and is thinking of it and not at all of one’s self. It is impersonal giving. It is not impulsive giving—far from that; but it is spontaneous giving. It is not headstrong

Pains and Perfection

giving, that refuses guidance and suggestion and information, and prides itself on originality and eccentricity; but it is self-moved giving, giving that is not under any kind of compulsion.

Few Christians are giving as generously as they should. I hardly need repeat here the shameful statistics that prove my statement. But it is also true that few Christians are giving what they do give in the way they should. Quite certainly if they began to give in the way they should, they would begin to give more nearly to the extent they should. The Armour way would lead up to the Armour measure.

PAINS AND PERFECTION

MORE than ten years ago the New York Chamber of Commerce raised a subscription for a statue of General Sherman, and gave the commission to St. Gaudens, the famous sculptor. Mr. St. Gaudens went to work in the way an artist should, dreaming and studying, planning and modelling, letting his thought form itself, as the stalactite grows quietly in its cave. On the surface nothing appeared to have been done.

Illustration of
Careful
Living

Two years ago, however, the promoters of the movement were encouraged by the exhibition in Paris of a model of the statue, which was highly praised. This same model was again exhibited at the exposition in Paris. That model, however, is not to fur-

Studies in the Art of Illustration

nish a casting. The fastidious sculptor is not satisfied with it. Another model was on exhibition at the Pan-American Exposition, but not that, either, is the final achievement. Still another model is at Windsor, Vt., where Mr. St. Gaudens is at work upon it. Whether this is the embodiment of the sculptor's ideal, no one knows; probably he does not know himself. The New York committee have not yet chosen a site for the statue. They are waiting till the statue is in sight.

Now, I like that; there is something very fine and noble about it. To be sure, not all work can be done after such fashion. You certainly would not get your newspaper if the editors and reporters were such men as Thomas Gray, lavishing a life upon a single elegy. Your pastor has just six days to get up two sermons, and that seldom gives opportunity for masterpieces. The teacher has only a few hours for preparation, and must go before his class sadly conscious of the things he does not know. So it is in every calling; however we admire perfection and desire it, we are cramped behind many limitations of time and competition and stern necessity.

Nevertheless, every life should have in it something of the spirit and something of the practice exhibited in this story of St. Gaudens. We cannot be perfect in everything, but we can attain perfection in some one thing. We cannot learn all there is to be known about everything, but we can obtain complete mastery of some single subject. We cannot fill a gallery with lovely statues, perfect to the finger nails,

Microbes in Your Mouth

but we can hide somewhere in a secret studio of the heart a cherished ideal which the patient, unpurchased, enthusiastic toil of years is slowly transmuting into the actual.

Happy indeed are the lives of which this is true. That little portion of perfection that they are making their own redeems them forever from the commonplace. It makes their souls akin to all great artists and works of art, giving them an inner, delicious sympathy with the finest poems and paintings and buildings. Nay, it is not too much to say that it allies them with the Source of all perfection, the Model of all artists, and the Dream of all poets, with Him whose ringing message to the world was this: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

MICROBES IN YOUR MOUTH

I LIKE to be in style, and microbes are in style, so I am going to write a chapter about microbes. I was interested not long ago in reading the report of the Brookline bacteriologist. Illustration of Brookline, you must know, is a suburb Temptation of Boston that is more Bostonian than Boston itself. It is the Blue-Stocking Paradise. No advanced idea thinks it has really got a start until it has got as far as Brookline.

Of course, therefore, Brookline has a bacteriologist. This important official aids the physicians of the town

Studies in the Art of Illustration

in the diagnosis of cases, and especially he assists the school inspectors in their duties. In a recent report this bacteriologist tells us that during the year he made 3,503 "cultures." This is not Boston "cul-chaw," it will be understood, but merely refers to the propagation in gelatine of whatever germs may be found in matter taken from people's mouths and throats. 1,369 of the persons examined were healthy, and among these—and this is the fact that interested me most—554 showed more or less symptoms of diphtheria, and the actual diphtheria bacilli were found in 209 of them.

Indeed, the wise men with their microscopes have made it very clear that the throat and mouth of any person are regular menageries and botanical gardens. You, that are reading these words—you may have a consumption germ on your tongue this very minute. It is quite likely that you have. Breathe it down, though; it won't hurt you, if you are in good health. The air is full of these pests, and the ground also. For instance, those little nuisances that make lock-jaw are at home anywhere in the soil, and you may tramp over them barefooted all day with impunity; but if your foot gets cut, and some of the dirt gets into the cut, then you are in danger.

The entire subject is a grim illustration of a grim fact of our spiritual lives. Just as consumption germs are floating around all our streets, quite innocuous where lungs are sound, but deadly as pistol-balls if one breathes them down into lungs that are cramped, and inflamed, and debilitated by colds and catarrh,

Gold in Garbage

so everywhere, my readers, you will find the germs of spiritual disease—hints of impurity, occasions of passion, opportunities for malice, promptings to envy and greed, the devil's seeds of tares flung in liberal handfuls upon every breeze. But if you keep your hearts pure and your natures all sweet and strong, you may walk out on any highway with safety. Have no dirt in your soul, and no dirty thing can find lodgment there. Keep "strong in the Lord," and all the devil's fevers and consumptions and malarias and plagues will dart their mischievous microbes against you in vain. There is no safety except from within. Out of the heart are the issues of life.

GOLD IN GARBAGE

IN most cities the disposal of garbage is a serious problem, and large sums are paid to the companies that agree to gather it and cart it out of the way, where it will not offend the senses or menace health. In this regard, however, our national capital is a model—as it should be in all other problems. It actually makes money out of its refuse.

Illustrating
Real
Wealth

A company collects it and transports it by rail thirty miles down the Potomac. There it is sorted. Tin cans are picked out; there is a use for them. And old bottles; they also can be sold. If there is a dead horse in the mass, his hide will make good russet leather. If there are a lot of bones, off they go to the

Studies in the Art of Illustration

glue factory. The abominable stuff that remains after all this sorting is packed into an iron vessel and subjected to steam pressure and then allowed to settle in tanks. Oils and fats for the making of soap rise to the surface. What remains hardens under pressure, and is then pulverized and sold for fertilizing. The entire business is said to be quite profitable ; and if it is profitable in Washington, there is no reason why it could not be made profitable anywhere.

After all is said, success in this world consists largely in taking care of the odds and ends. If I want to find out about a boy, I do not ask how he works, but how he "puts in his spare time." A good housekeeper is known not so much by her buying of meat and vegetables as by her use of the fragments left over from each meal. A good teacher is known not by his results with the bright scholars, but by the measure of inspiration he imparts to the dull ones. A well-appointed hotel is to be judged not by the elegance of the entrance and the style of the clerk, but by the presence or absence of grit in the strawberries.

Whether you will be a rich man or not, depends largely upon your attitude toward nickels and pennies. Whether you will be a learned man or not, depends upon whether you carry a book in your pocket. Whether you will be loved by a host of friends, depends upon whether you answer notes within ten hours or ten weeks.

That is, the little things carry with them the greater, but the greater do not by any means carry with them the smaller. If you are pure when alone, if you are a

Unsuitable Symbols

Bible-reader on your vacations, if you are cheery over the dish-wiping—then I am sure you will carry a white life into the world, and exhibit your Christianity before the eyes of men, and be trustful when the great trials assail you. If you can find gold in garbage you can find it everywhere.

UNSUITABLE SYMBOLS

AT Mount Moriah Cemetery, Philadelphia, is to be seen a strange sight. About twenty years ago three tall, rough shafts of granite were placed in an out-of-the-way corner of the cemetery. They were put there by three friends, very wealthy and very eccentric, and the agreement was that when any of the three died, one of the shafts was to be broken and the fragments left just where they fell. No fence was built about the columns, and no names were carved upon them.

Illustrating
Wrong Views
of Death

Two of the three have since died, and as each passed away his shaft of granite was shattered and the great rough blocks were left in ugly heaps. One alone remains, awaiting its comrades' fate.

Now, all that is only a little worse than what is seen very often in every resting-place of the dead. Look around, and you will perceive broken columns, weeping willows, mourning urns, and even—I have seen it—a great stone tree blasted by the lightning. These are heathen symbols, just as those piles of broken stone in that Philadelphia graveyard.

Studies in the Art of Illustration

Heathen symbols, because they take no account of the resurrection and of immortality. Life is never a broken shaft, a withered tree, a burned-out, reversed torch. It goes right on, with branches ever broadening, with massive green trunk ever loftier, toward the stars. We should associate the thought of death not with blackness, but with light, for that is the truth; not with loss, but with gain; not with withering, but with fruition; not with stunting, but with growth. Not even in the case of evil men are these symbols of extinction appropriate, still less in the case of the noble, the loving, and the wise.

Such tokens may be placed in our graveyards as the result of thoughtlessness, or simply as symbols of natural grief and the affection of the living for the dead; but far too often the inner significance of the symbols has become a reality, though very likely an unconfessed reality, in the lives of the survivors. They speak of the dead as if they were no more. Their thoughts do not joyfully follow them to the better country. They do not feel themselves visited by their loved ones, or know that their love still encircles them as of yore. Death has broken the dear lives to fragments, and strewn them upon the heedless earth. When *that* is the thought in the soul, it makes little difference what is the form of the grave stone.

But let us practice our religion in this most important matter! Let us know that "in our Father's home are many homes." If it were not so, Christ would have told us. He has received our loved ones into their home. Because He lives, they live also.

Wipe Your Glasses

Because He is happy, His joy is theirs, and their joy is filled full. Beyond our guess, beyond our most lively imagining, are the blessednesses with which they are now wealthy. To deck our graveyards with broken columns is as appropriate as to hang crape upon London's buildings when King Edward is crowned, or to welcome with funeral dirges the sailor home from the sea.

WIPE YOUR GLASSES

I AM compelled to wear glasses, and I find the care of them a decided nuisance. One would think that their smoothly polished surfaces would reject the dust and send it over to the bookcase and the picture-frames where it belongs. But no; as if seized and held by some invisible and persistent paste, dust and dirt of all kinds fly straight to those crystal lenses, and in a short time they become anything but crystalline.

Illustration
of Serene
Living

No one that does not wear glasses can realize the difference between a clean pair and a dirty one. With clean specs, the entire world is fresh and sparkling, gay with sunshine and radiant with brilliant color. With dirty glasses, it is a muddy world, a world of drab and brown, a world of spots and smudges, a world of red eyes and rasping tempers.

The change comes on before one knows it. I cannot forever be wiping my glasses. Business presses. The telephone bell is insistent. The wires of life are hot. Who can stop to clean his specs? And so, the

Studies in the Art of Illustration

first thing I know, my head begins to ache, and my eyes to swim, and the sky falls. That is because my glasses are dirty.

I am talking about real glasses, the actual silica ; but I am also talking in a parable. You can read my parable without my glasses, can you not ?

THE ART OF FLOATING

OLD as I am, it is only last summer that I became able to float in the water. I have not yet learned to swim ; when I accomplish that feat, I will let you know. But last summer, for the first time in my life, I actually floated.

**Illustration
of the Life of
Faith**

And after I had done it, it was as easy as lying in bed.

Before I knew how, I had gone down like a log every time I attempted it. Sometimes it would be my feet, sometimes my head ; sometimes the trouble would be in the water, which seemed too thin. In the course of my operations I swallowed enough of the Atlantic Ocean to produce low tide.

And then, one fortunate moment, I got desperate and said, " Let yourself go, let yourself go ! " I took a big breath, I threw back my head, I flung my body out straight, and down I went as usual ; and then—I slowly rose. Ah ! the delicious sensation, to feel the water beneath me like a liquid swaying couch, to lie out there upon it drifting and bending as I chose, to allow myself to be tossed by the waves, and to feel

My Old Friend, Niagara

myself at one with the sea ! And to think that it was so easy, after all !

This is the way with the life of faith. We see others living in perfect peace, and we long for their peace. We theorize about it, but our theories don't seem to work out. We say that we will trust ourselves to God, and the first wave of worry knocks us over. We remind ourselves how firm and constant is God's love, and persuade ourselves that it will uphold us in any trouble, and then down into that sea of trouble we go again. And so we flounder on.

But some glad day we really do what we have been thinking about and talking about ; we really give ourselves up to God ; we really feel underneath us the everlasting arms ; we lie down in the bosom of the Almighty.

And it is so easy ! We never can forget it. We are filled with wonder that we found it so hard, and that we blundered at it so long. All we needed to do was to let ourselves go, to give up ; and that we have done at last.

MY OLD FRIEND, NIAGARA

I WAS standing, one day, in the window of my hotel in Paris, and a friend was standing by my side. We were looking out over the beautiful waters of the Seine, gay with the bright Parisian pleasure-boats, while beyond stretched the walls of the Louvre, eloquent of a mighty past, and of a present still more

Illustrating
the Surprises
of Heaven

Studies in the Art of Illustration

resplendent with art. Said my friend, after a moment's quiet looking, "Isn't it strange how little impression these scenes make upon us? Here I have anticipated, all my life, seeing these historic places, and when I see them they move me little more than every-day objects."

It was an experience, doubtless, common enough to us all. The cause of it lies in the wide reading of books, and hearing of lectures, and seeing of photographs and other pictures. Why, when I beheld Westminster Abbey for the first time, it was almost as familiar to me as Tremont Temple here in Boston. There rose the well-known towers, albeit rather more dingy than I had thought, and actually appearing shorter. There was little St. Margaret's just where it always was in the pictures. There was Henry VIII's Chapel in the proper place, and when I got in and sat through the service—somewhat impatiently, I must admit—waiting for a chance to view the wondrously interesting old building, the bust of Longfellow caught my eye from the Poet's Corner, and fairly winked at me with the freedom of a boon companion.

The Venus of Milo—had I not shaken hands (alas, she has no literal hands!) with her ladyship in hundreds of art stores and parlors and museums in America long before I met her again in the innermost recesses of the Louvre? Warwick Castle—did I not know by heart that lovely view over the water long before I saw it (through the rain) with actual vision? Normandy—was there a thatched cottage, or a quaint old church, whose acquaintance I had not already

My Old Friend, Niagara

made on the walls of the Boston Art Club's exhibition rooms ?

I well remember the first time I saw Niagara. Why, it was like keeping tally with a catalogue. There was the quiet American Falls, there was the rainbow, there was the tongue eating into the centre of the Horseshoe, there was that marvellous green light equalled by no other color on sea or land, glowing where the water bent like a great muscle over the precipice ; and, hark ! yes, underneath all the surface roar of the cataract, there was the deep, booming undertone the books had told about—it was all there, “as per schedule.”

No one can get much from travel without much preliminary reading and picture-gazing and map-searching ; but these pursuits have their penalties, they take away much of the romance of travel, the charm of surprise, so that, more and more truly every year, it is made possible for a man, for all real purposes, to travel the world around without stirring from his study.

I wonder, by the way, if this does not give us a hint of why so little has been told us about heaven. Eye hath not seen its glories, ear hath not heard them, they have not entered into the heart of man. There is no Baedeker to the Celestial City. Ah, what beautiful surprises await the traveller, what delights unimagined and unimaginable ! It will be no twice-told tale, no half-worn experience. It will be fresh as a dew-drop, and unhackneyed as a sunrise in June.

Studies in the Art of Illustration

A CANOE CONTRIVANCE

A JOLLY party of us spent two weeks together in the Maine woods last summer, and one of the jolliest of all was a certain distinguished clergyman whom we will call Dr. Peace. Now Dr. Peace, being enterprising, took it into his head that he would learn to paddle a canoe—an art he had never yet attempted. We used to stand on the shore,—all eight of us,—and double ourselves up with laughter at his antics. He would be paddling along, a most determined expression upon his face, becoming a beatific expression as the tricky craft actually seemed under his control at last, and going straight where he wanted it to go. But, alas! along would come a whiff of wind and would slue him round in a jiffy. With a mortified and disappointed air he would look up to see if any one was watching, would perceive the spectators on the shore, and try to paddle out of sight, always bringing up in a circle again.

But one day Dr. Peace came into camp radiant. "I've got it!" he exclaimed. "Did you see me? I'm boss at last. No adventitious canoe can get ahead of me!"

"Well, how do you do it?" we inquired with respectful interest.

"How? I back her into the wind. Yes, sir, whenever the wind swings her around, I just back up. So I get where I want to go. Stern foremost? Yes, sir. What's the difference? I get there, sir. I arrive."

A "Thin" Roll

This manœuvre of the genial doctor's produced no end of amusement, as we saw it proudly illustrated on the very next opportunity. His progress was a combination of progression, oscillation, and retrogression, but, as he said, he got there. It was not long after this surprising discovery that he became in very truth master of the canoe, and could direct it bow-foremost in the face of any wind.

So much for determination. So much for good-natured grit. We all, I think, took the little lesson to our own lives, and decided that hereafter, though contrary winds might blow around the uncertain craft of our fortunes, we would not lose our course, we would "back her up into the wind," we would not be too dignified to go stern foremost, and in some way—if not in the best way, then in the second-best way—we would arrive.

A "THIN" ROLL

I HAVE been indulging lately in the exhilarating sport of bowling, and though I cannot yet get much above one hundred by the end of the "string," yet I have learned a thing or two about the manly game which I am very glad to know.

**Illustrating
a Steady
Aim**

One of these important discoveries of mine is this: that in rolling a ball at the pins, direction is of far more importance than velocity. Dr. X was bowling with me the other night. He had the rheumatism in

Studies in the Art of Illustration

his feet, and could scarcely hobble. He had to stand still and roll his balls. They ambled gently down the alley, sounding like a leisurely freight train, but they went straight for the middle pin, and generally the whole set of them went tumbling head over heels.

On the next alley, young Michael Muscle was bowling, and I watched him with envy. He would give a swift run, and with graceful delivery would fire a ball down the shining boards as if from a nine-inch gun. But his balls were actually too swift. They were often "thin"; that is, they would flash their way clean through the pins, disturbing only a few of them, just as a bullet will make a smooth, round hole in a window-pane, while a stone thrown by an urchin will smash it to fragments.

It all set me to thinking about the slow, steady, easy-going boys I have known, who have made no fuss and won no particular applause; but they have known just what they wanted to accomplish, and just how it was to be done, and now quite without exception they are university professors, or heads of mercantile establishments, or Congressmen, or at the top of some other heap. In the meantime, in many a case the youngster who made a great stir in school and college, who sparkled and shone, who carried off all the prizes and beat all the games and held all the positions of honor, settled down into a very subordinate position, or slipped out of sight altogether. It was because these fellows lacked a clear, definite, steady aim. They plunged through their work for

In Debt

the moment, but they had no thought beyond the moment. They were rockets, brilliant and beautiful; they came down—sticks. I shall think of all this the next time I am fortunate enough to have a touch of rheumatism, and I shall go to the bowling-alley, and I shall make the record of the evening.

IN DEBT

WIFE and I have been enjoying ourselves greatly playing "carroms." This game is not unlike crokinole, except that the object is to shoot

the men into little pockets at the corners of the board. If the shooter it-

**Illustration
of Past Sins**

self goes in, however, one of the men already in the pocket must be replaced upon the board. Sometimes there are no men in the pockets, and in that case the player is "in debt to the board," and the next man he shoots into the pocket must be taken right out again. Thus it is sure to happen in the course of a game that some shots which are quite successful have all their success neutralized by previous bad shots, so that they count for nothing at all.

Now the comparison is not to be followed in all points, any more than any other parable, and yet this game does illustrate some of God's ways in dealing with His children. How frequently when we do good deeds do we fail to receive the reward we were looking for! The peace of mind that God promises to those that do His will is not ours. Even the approval

Studies in the Art of Illustration

of other men does not come to us, nor their friendship and love. It seems unfair, and sometimes we have hard and rebellious thoughts, and lose our faith in a just God that blesses with His favor those that obey His commands.

In every such case, if we looked a little farther back, we should find that by our previous evil life we had made it impossible for God to bless us as our present good life would seem to require. There is some sin unconfessed, unrepented, unforgiven. There is some fault still cherished. There is some idol still clung to. There is some positive impediment to peace with God and honor among men projecting out of the unreconciled past into the wondering present.

For life is a unit. Let us thank God, after all, that life is a unit, and that our yesterdays, as they can carry into our to-days a heritage of grief and sin, can also bestow upon them a rich endowment of grace and power. We can clear away our indebtedness. "Jesus paid it all." He is willing to take upon Him the heavy burden, if we will only reach it out and lay it upon His nail-pierced hands. And then,—and not till then,—when we are no longer in debt, can God bestow upon all our good deeds the appropriate blessing, and upon our hearts the peace that passes understanding.

A Lesson from the Symmetroscope

A LESSON FROM THE SYMMETROSCOPE

How many of you have seen that beautiful toy called the symmetroscope? Its construction is very simple, and is like that of the old-fashioned kaleidoscope, of which it is an improvement.

**Illustrating
Pleasure in
Common
Things**

There is a prism of mirrors through which you look down upon a revolving disk. The prism is not centred upon the disk, but is placed to one side, so that as the disk is revolved successive portions of it pass under the eye of the observer. You place upon the disk little scraps of brightly colored silk, and then turn it, at the same time applying your eye to the opening above. You cannot resist a cry of delight; for the magic mirrors, tossing back and forth the pretty images of the moving silks, are weaving them into the most gorgeous patterns, perfectly symmetrical, constantly changing, expanding and contracting, throwing out old colors and introducing new, as if a fairy loom were at work there below.

Moreover, you can pause at any time to study a certain figure more carefully, or, if you choose to revolve the disk without disturbing the arrangement of the silks, you may view the entire series of patterns over again unchanged. Thus the toy becomes a practicable tool for the designer.

I wish I could be sure that all the thousands who will please themselves with this lovely instrument will

Studies in the Art of Illustration

also catch its hidden significance for their lives. For it is out of the most ordinary material that the symmetroscope contrives its panorama of color and outline. Tiny scraps of cloth that would be burned up if not used here, half inches of yarn, the petal of a flower, a fragment of a green leaf, a scrap of paper,—these are all it needs for its wonder-working.

And, if you have the symmetroscope's power of making the most of things and the best of things, if you have bright mirrors in your mind and not a mind that is dull, sluggish, and moody, then the least little happenings, that others would pass by without a second thought, will become to you the material of pleasant memories without number. You will forever be conjuring up again that red sunset from the top of Baker's Hill, that merry evening over crokinole at the Simpsons', the ride that Mrs. Galloway gave you, Julian Peter's brisk story in *Harper's*, and how roguish Freddy looked under his grandfather's specs.

The pleasures of memory! They were sung by the old-time poets, but most of us have lost them out of our over-busy lives. Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof; but let the good be anticipated long beforehand, and recalled long afterward, and let us set up in our minds that magic prism whose three mirrors are memory, imagination, and gratitude, so that whatever of pleasantness and happiness God sends us may not be tossed aside after a moment's enjoyment, but may become a brightness and a delight forever.

All Moonshine

ALL MOONSHINE

WHAT do people mean when they say, "It is all moonshine"? They mean that the scheme about which they are talking, or the speech, or the person, or whatever it may be, has nothing real or substantial about it.

Illustration of
Originality

They mean that beneath a more or less pleasing show there is only emptiness. They mean that it is a sham, a cheat, a delusion.

How did this phrase originate? For certainly moonlight is a beautiful thing, far more lovely than sunlight. Its delicacy softens all harshness in the landscape, and adds a subtle witchery to the homeliest face. A moonlight evening is the time of all times for poets and lovers. If a thing is "all moonshine," why is it not all of this? Why has the moonlight come to be the emblem of a showy farce?

Because, as I imagine, moonlight is not a real article, though it pretends to be. Moonlight is only borrowed sunlight, and every one knows it. Not a ray of all its beauty is its own. Its loveliness is plagiarized. When the sun rises, how pale the moon grows! Its cheat has been discovered.

Ah, brother, if you do not want your work to become a by-word, be yourself, be original. Your light may not be heaven-filling, like the sun's. Indeed, you may only be a sixth magnitude star, barely visible to the naked eye; but men have respect for the starlight; it is not borrowed. You will never hear men describe a silly, pretentious scheme by say-

Studies in the Art of Illustration

ing, "It is all starlight." No, it will be moonshine to the end of the chapter.

MY "EVER-READY"

I AM enjoying a new contrivance of the electricians which is a genuine addition to the comfort of mankind.

It is called the "ever-ready" electric
Illustration of Over-Thoroughness light, and I shall always owe a debt of gratitude to wide-awake Dr. William E. Barton for introducing me to it.

The little instrument is a black, nickle-mounted tube, about eight inches long. At one end is a lens, and as you press down a ring at the other end, there flashes from this lens a light brilliant enough to illuminate objects across a large room. When you cease to press the ring, the light disappears instantly. It is a dry-plate electric battery, which, with ordinary usage, has to be charged about four times a year.

The uses to which we put this "ever-ready" are many,—for a "snatch-up" to go down cellar or explore some dark closet or remote corner of the attic; to see the watch or the clock at night; to note whether the baby is covered up properly; as a dark lantern in campaigns against possible burglars; to jot down that idea for an essay which *will* come about
2:45 A. M.

But I am not writing an advertisement of the "ever-ready," though I think that many of my readers will be glad to know about the useful little contrivance. My purpose is to use this flashlight as a

My "Ever-Ready"

symbol of a certain mental process that is very often, and very wrongly, treated with disdain. We call it "jumping at conclusions," "surface knowledge," "cursory information,"—that is, information obtained on the run.

There is a use for this in the world, just as there is a use for my electric flashlight. It is not a student lamp, I know well. I would not think of sitting down with it to read McMaster's history of the United States, or even to write a letter; but for the purpose of the moment, it is just the thing, and having it at hand, it would be foolish to light my student lamp for the purpose of finding the toothache medicine.

Yet there are people who insist on doing just that. Under the specious plea of thoroughness, they will not write a literary society essay on Don Quixote until they have read up on all Spanish literature; they refuse to teach that class of little boys whose teacher is unexpectedly absent, because, although they know ten times as much about the lesson as any of the little boys, they have not had time to read Edersheim and Farrar and the last number of *The Teacher's Monthly*; they will not sing a simple song before an uncritical parlor company, because they have not yet practised it before Professor Longhairsky. So it is in everything; they plead lack of preparation, lack of information, lack of time, and the world can get little out of them because they insist on a degree of thoroughness that is not often practicable.

I believe in thoroughness; of course I do. But there is thoroughness *and* thoroughness. It is purely

Studies in the Art of Illustration

a relative term. The question is only what degree of thoroughness is appropriate to a given task. One need prepare more carefully for a book than for a magazine article, and more carefully for a magazine article than for a newspaper interview. What would be unacceptable in an academy picture is even charming in a sketch. What would justly be criticised in an oration or a sermon as loose and undigested, may be admirable and admired in rapid conversation. The question is purely one of adequacy to the place and the time.

“But,” it is argued by these overthorough folks, “if we are thorough in everything, we shall cultivate the inestimable habit of thoroughness.”

That is right; *be* thorough in everything. But a carpenter is not in serious danger of becoming careless if he refuses to put into the clapboarding of a house the same finish he would lavish on a rosewood cabinet, or if after he has built the house, he chooses a more rough-and-ready mode of putting up the coal-bin.

“ON DECK”

SEASICK? I should think I was! It is hard to remember how sick I was, for that is one of the best things—indeed, it is the only good thing—about seasickness, that one recovers from it so quickly as even to erase the memory of it.

Illustrating
Good
Cheer

But I was ignobly on my back for three days.

“On Deck”

Nothing outside my stateroom had any attractions for me. Nay, there was nothing in life for me except a giddiness, and a horrible nausea and weakness and a miserable unrest, a piercing sense of every bad odor, a shrinking realization of every dip of the vessel, however slight. “O to be nothing, nothing!” I could sing it with a will—if I had had the necessary voice. In fact, I was reduced to as near nonentity as a healthy man may get, and retain his hold on his ego. (That is Bostonian.)

After I had lain there for three days, and my steward had brought me my meals—and chiefly taken them away again much as he brought them—the steward thought something should be done. He was an English young man, and with characteristic energy and straightforwardness he went to work to do it.

I never saw such a brute. “Are many others sick?” I would ask feebly. “No,” he would reply, “only you and some of the women.” He wanted to say, “some of the other women,” but he knew there were limits beyond which a fee was an impossibility.

“Reely, sir, you ’ad ought to get up on deck, sir. The hair’s much better there, sir,” he would urge. I had my porthole open. I told him I guessed the same kind of air blew in there that blew ten feet higher up. “No,” he insisted, “it is very different hair.”

“Ah, you will never get well, sir,” he declared, “unless you get up on deck. They never do, sir. All you need is a little resolution, sir. Now I should be hafraild for you, sir, if you was to ’ave a severe

Studies in the Art of Illustration

sickness." (As if I wasn't having a severe sickness!) "I should be hafraid you would not have the will power to hever get hover it, sir."

Thus he bullied me. Thus he insulted me. Thus he belabored me three times a day with sarcasm and innuendo. At last I could stand it no longer. I would show him how sick I was. I would make a tremendous effort to get up on deck. I would fall over in a faint, and have to be carried down-stairs. Maybe I would die. And then he would be ashamed of himself.

So I got into my clothes, lying down after each garment. So I tottered up the companionway, gripping the railing hard. So I staggered along the deck, with my head in a whirl. So I plunged down in my steamer chair, and shut my eyes, and the world turned black.

And then—the young people came! "Why, how *are* you, Professor? Let me wrap your steamer rug around you a little better. *So* glad to see you up on deck at last! Had you heard that funny thing about Coleman?" and they rattled away into a string of comicalities.

The blackness wore off from the world. I ventured at last to open my eyes and look at things.

Why, how bright everything was! Could it be that such sunshine glowed outside of heaven? How dark that stateroom must have been, after all! And was there ever such air, so inspiring, so enlivening? And how the waves twinkled, each with a laugh in its eyes, as it raced with its neighbor! And all those

“On Deck”

cheery faces, and kindly, merry voices around me—what a happy change from the solitude of my cabin, broken by the tri-daily visits of that crusty steward ! And the deck—how clean and wide and inviting !

Before an hour had passed, I was on my feet, trying to walk. It was not a creditable walk, but I got to the end of the deck, and then, of course, I had to get back again. And by the time I got back, it was so much easier I thought I would do it again, and—would you believe me ?—in half an hour I was romping with the young folks, playing “ follow my teacher ” with the best of them ! And at the end of the voyage I gave that steward a comfortable fee.

“ On deck ! ” I think I know just how that slang expression of the boys got its start. Oh, get on deck, friends ! Get on deck in your life ship ! You are down below, far too many of you. Down where the bad smells are. Down among the thumpings and the clatter. Down where the air is close. Down with the blues and the whines and the worries. Down with the crossnesses and the sharpnesses and the bitternesses. Get up on deck ! Get out where all the gales of heaven can blow your system clear of disease and your mind clear of frets ! Get out where the jollity is, and the pleasant friendships ! Get out where God’s sun is shining, and the waves of God’s providence are running. Get out amid the great world movements, see the ships passing on the horizon, watch the stars at night.

There is much of the contents of a ship that is dumped into the hold at the wharf in New York, and

Studies in the Art of Illustration

never sees the light until it reaches the docks at Liverpool. There are some silly people, on the Atlantic and on the ocean of life, who do just the same thing. Let us not be among them. Let us live on deck. And then when at last, with flags flying, we make our swift way into the final harbor, we shall stand singing upon the deck, not blear-eyed from the dark and white-faced from the confinement and the sickness, but made alert for all of heaven's work and happiness by the good voyage through which our Captain has conducted us.

GETTING OUT OF BED

"OH, you are as cross as two sticks! You got out of bed on the wrong side!" Children often have such remarks as this addressed to them.

**Illustration
of Morning
Devotions**

Often they might just as appropriately be applied to their elders.

There are two sides to every bed. There is the heaven side and the earth side. And you can get out on either side you please.

Getting out on the earth side means thinking first of all, as you wake up and as you dress, about the perplexities of yesterday and of the day that is to come. It means worrying about the work that is to be done. It means recalling John's crossness and Mr. Wrinkle's injustice. It means fretting because your salary isn't raised or isn't paid promptly, or because the rent falls due next week, or because the

Sewing on a Button

water rate has risen, or because the moths have got into your new dress.

Getting out on the heaven side means thinking first of all about the higher life, about God, His power and His goodness, about the kind providence that has guided you hitherto, about the beautiful world He has made for you, about all the blessings He has showered upon you, about the home He is preparing in the sky. It is to remember that He, with all His love and wisdom and power, is there in the room with you, and that He will go with you to the breakfast-table, if you wish, as readily as Christ went to the breakfast-table with Lazarus and Mary and Martha, and that He will accompany you to your work and carry one end of all your burdens. And it is to talk with Him as really as, in a few minutes, you will talk with your brother or your wife or your father.

Isn't there a vast difference between the two sides of your bed? And isn't it one of the most important things of the day that you get out on the right side?

SEWING ON A BUTTON

LIKE most men, I have a notion that I know how to do everything that a woman does. I often think how lucky it is that women have no such comprehensive ideas regarding men's work! At any rate, I am very sure that I know just how a button should be sewed on. I don't say that I can *do* it ex-

Illustration
of Friendship

Studies in the Art of Illustration

actly, you know, but I can direct. That is a masculine function, anyway,—to direct.

Most buttons are sewed on too tight. I have learned this from observation, therefore it must be so. When a button is sewed on tight, so tight that there is scarcely room to crowd the cloth of the buttonhole over it, the thread with which it is sewed on is stretched too tight, and it is certain to break. That stands to reason, doesn't it? So that a button should be sewed on loosely enough to wobble around a little, just loosely enough to hold a layer of cloth comfortably between it and the cloth to which it is sewn. I am in the habit of comparing it to friendship, which must not be too tight-fitting; that is, friends must not overdo it by seeing one another constantly, and writing letters every day when they are parted, and long letters at that; and being jealous of other friends that they think are coming in between. There must be a certain loose-jointedness about friendship, if it is to wear well. The threads must not be stretched too tight or they will snap. Keep your friend at a sort of distance, just to maintain the piquancy and the interest of the affair. Don't let it become common-place.

But I have a second article in my button creed, which is, that these loose connecting threads must be wrapped around carefully and fully or they will be worn off, which is as bad as being snapped off. Around and around and around the thread must go, transforming the loose threads into a cable, so that the button no longer wobbles, but stands erect on a little thread pillar. *That* is the way to do it.

Sit Crooked and Judge Straight

And again it is just like friendship, for these threads that are wrapped around to prevent the wearing away of the main threads are just like the frequent kindly attentions that should pass between friends, wrapping around the heart threads that connect their lives, and making of them a cable which all the stress and strain of our bustling life will press against in vain.

Now, don't you think I know how to sew on a button?

SIT CROOKED AND JUDGE STRAIGHT

THE modern Greeks, those clever sons of splendid sires, are skilled in the making of "dark sayings," and one of these proverbs that seems to me especially notable is that which I have quoted above, "Sit crooked and judge straight." By sitting crooked they mean sitting bent over in reflection, as when one studies a matter; and the whole signifies that you cannot expect accurate judgment from a man whose opinion is not the fruit of serious thought.

Illustration of
Careful
Thinking

Ours, I am afraid, is a time of snap judgments. People nowadays have many weighty questions to solve. Popular government means that, for one thing. Every year a voter is obliged, as best he may, to pass upon matters that perplex the wisest statesman and greatest philosopher. The vast range of endeavor open to every human being means that, too; since each man and woman of us has to give judgment daily as to a myriad different and important things he may

Studies in the Art of Illustration

do or not do. Universal education means that ; for it tempts us all, since knowledge of so many pleasant things is so easily possible for us, to reach out after a smattering of it all, rather than seek true learning of a few things.

Not to weary you with giving other reasons for this condition of affairs, it is certainly true that the condition exists, and we are all of us strutting around with our noses in the air, delivering off-hand verdicts, while our backbones ought to be bent humbly over the study table.

Sometimes we get caught. Sometimes there comes along one of those men that really have in their heads a few facts on the money question, and how our theories do sneak away, to be sure ! Or one of those men that really have studied zoology and remember it, and how speedily we stop talking about evolution ! Or one of those men that actually are posted on international law, and how slyly we remove the chip we had put on our shoulder for other nations to knock off ! But, alas for our self-knowledge ! such men are rare, and often we are permitted to go on for a year reeling off, without check, snap judgments on the universe.

Now all this is supremely ridiculous, but we do not know enough to know how ridiculous it is. When a man is really learned in some one subject, he has a standard by which to measure his shallowness of knowledge in other subjects. A State that contains even one true mountain does not dub every mole-hill "Mount Washington" or "Mount Jefferson." Ohio, for instance, has some "mountains" that a New Eng-

Hello !

lander would merely look upon as a "right smart rolling kentry." Every man should know thoroughly some one subject, that he may have some idea of what thorough knowledge is, and discover that opinions worth anything do not come by accident, or by intuition, or by lucky guesses.

Why, on many and many a theme upon which we glibly chatter it is a disgrace to us to have an opinion. We do not know enough to make up the little finger of an opinion. And we do not know enough even to know *that* !

HELLO !

THERE is in London a little girl in whom the doctors are much interested. She seems made up of two personalities. When one personality has control of her, she is good and honest, and honors her parents. When she is seized by the other personality, she is wicked and dishonest, and has no regard for her parents. In the first case, she is stupid ; in the second, quick-witted. It is said that when she changes from the first state to the second, she turns a somersault, and usually calls out, "Hello !" as if she had just arrived.

Illustrating
Our Two
Selves

Now the condition of this girl is neither so strange nor so uncommon as it may appear. As far back at least as St. Paul's day, it was recognized that there is a war in our members ; that when we would do good, evil is present with us. The evil part of us is usually more thoroughly mingled with the good than

Studies in the Art of Illustration

in the life of that London girl. We do not turn somersaults and cry, "Hello!" when we enter into our bad moods. They creep on gently and without warning. It would be very convenient if it were different; if, for instance, we could label ourselves with the placard, "I am not myself to-day," or, "This is John Smith *Malus*. John Smith *Bonus* will be in at ten o'clock." Then folks would know just what to expect. But that is not the way most of us are built, and we must take ourselves as we find ourselves.

Ah! but we need not *keep* ourselves as we find ourselves! We need not give a perpetual lease to this bad tenant. One is enough for one man's body. You are the landlord; do as you will with your own. The next time the evil tenant returns and cries, "Hello!" slam the door in his face. "This house is not vacant," tell him. "My better self is at home, and means to stay here. Be gone!"

SET ON A HILL

THE daylight ride up the English Channel is one of the most fascinating in the world, especially to one that takes it for the first time, and remembers that he is approaching the world's mightiest empire, the ancient fountain-head of the noblest literature and the richest civilization the world has ever seen. Beyond, hemmed in by those sheer cliffs, with the brown fields rolling behind them, lies the land of Shakespeare and Milton, the land of Bacon and Her-

Illustrating
Right
Ambitions

Set on a Hill

schel and Newton, the land of Scott and Dickens and Thackeray, the land of Bunyan and Wesley, the land of Elizabeth and Cromwell and Victoria! It is a thrilling hour, often described by voyagers, yet never fully realized till it is actually experienced.

I think that, of all I saw on that blessed half day when I first rode up the Channel, I was most pleased with the Tennyson Beacon.

You know that this greatest poet of our times, and, next to Shakespeare and Milton, the greatest English poet of *all* times, lived on the lovely Isle of Wight. His home at Farringford was around the corner of the island, and we could not see it, but no traveller can help seeing the noble memorial that men have raised in the bard's honor.

It is an immense granite cross. It rises clear against the blue sky on the very highest of those treeless downs that curve from the summit of the island in graceful bendings to the sea. There is no tree for miles around, and seemingly no building. Grand and solitary and beautiful this cross stands forth conspicuous by day, while at night its flashing rays shine far out over the waters. What finer monument could have been given to the singer, and what could be a more appropriate commemoration of his far-shining verse?

It is a splendid thing to be a great man, and to be so honored by the world! And yet, as I think of that beacon light, it is quite a different thought that has come to me. I am thinking of the true memorials, the only lasting memorials, that all of us are setting up—monuments that will be fresh in their perennial beauty

Studies in the Art of Illustration

while the granite Tennyson beacon has long ago crumbled into the dust of the downs. God alone can erect such monuments for us, and I doubt not that among the hundreds that gazed with admiration from our boat at Lord Tennyson's beacon, there was one—very likely more than one—for whom God is building a memorial that will outshine the poet laureate's. It might have been some gray-haired old man, who had worked hard all his life in a humble post that wife and children might live happily and nobly. It might have been some mother, patient amid many cares, and sunny, though overwearied with her endless toils. It may have been some loving daughter, self-denying to the uttermost, and all unconscious of her self-denials.

And I like to fancy that when at last our ships move up the crystal sea, and enter the river of life, we shall find their banks all glorious with beacon lights, myriads upon myriads, and that most of them will flash with the name of some hero or heroine unknown to the world. May yours be there, and mine.

MY FOUNTAIN PEN AND I

My fountain pen has been so long with me, and has held a position so close to my heart, that he has caught some of my ways.

**Illustration of
Poor Work**

For instance, he does not always use the best ink, but often fills up with an inferior liquid that cakes and clogs and hinders his work. Just like my novel-reading, for all the world.

Being Level-Headed

Then, he has a habit of going dry at critical times, and I have to resort to lead-pencils. Would that I were always as ready for emergencies as a lead-pencil ! But in this point, too, my fountain pen takes after me.

Besides, even when the reservoir is full, I discover in the pen a tendency to collect foreign substances in the channel leading from the reservoir to the tip of the pen. Doubtless the pen has observed how often *I* fail to make connection between my knowledge and my life.

Furthermore, though when my pen ought to write it often degenerates to empty white scratches, yet on occasion it spurts out a great blot of ink and spoils a page. I observe that it always does this when it has least ink in the reservoir. Just like me, again, for when I have least sense in my head, I'm most likely to ——

But hold ! this comparison is becoming embarrassing. At any rate, I see that I must turn over a new leaf next January, or my fountain pen will be spoiled altogether.

BEING LEVEL-HEADED

You tell when a level is level by noticing the bubble in it. You tell the level-headedness of a man of sense by noting his nonsense, and the place it occupies. If the level were all bubble, it would be useless. If the man were all nonsense, he would be useless.

Illustration of
Good
Judgment

The nonsense must be swimming in a regular ocean of sense, or you can't call the man level-headed.

Studies in the Art of Illustration

The level-headedness of a man depends upon something more than that bubble of nonsense. It depends on the man's foundation. A level is no good in palsied hands, or on a tempest-tossed sea, or an earthquake-rocked table. The usefulness of a level depends on the solidness of its support. It is just that way with a level-headed man. He must rest on the Rock of ages. He must be held up by the Hand that never falters.

Furthermore, a level-headed man must be a warm-hearted man. A level is not worth much, if it is frozen up. To be level-headed, one's wits must run smoothly, one's intellect must be responsive, one's eye must be quick, one's sympathies fluent. We are apt to speak of the hard-hearted, worldly-minded, close-fisted, unimaginative Gradgrind as a level-headed man. No term could be worse applied. When our head levels get frozen up with worldliness and selfishness, they can no longer serve as levels, and we no longer are level-headed.

But still (and this is finally, my brethren), a level must not be all liquid. The liquid portion of it must be contained in some solid receptacle. And a level-headed man must be similarly consistent. He must not be ready to move at every man's beck. He must have about him something solid, dogged, resolute, fixed as the wood of the level. It is this wood, you will notice, that gives direction to the level. The like element of directness and stability must go to make up every level-headed man.

Do you want to know whether you can rightly call yourself level-headed? Then ask yourself four ques-

Learn to Climb Trees

tions: Is my bubble of nonsense appropriately placed and justly proportioned? Am I founded on the real things of time and eternity? Am I pliant and responsive where I ought to be? And, where I should be, am I fixed and resolute? May your answer to all these questions be an honest and grateful "Yes"!

LEARN TO CLIMB TREES

I GREATLY regret that when I was a boy I did not learn how to climb trees. It has been a lifelong thought of mine—what mad delight it must be to weave one's way up the burly side of some great oak, see the world drop down below me, hear the squirrels scold as they scamper out of my way, hear the topmost leaves wave me a welcome, feel the lighter boughs sway dreamily as I spring upon them, and at last, the summit gained, look down upon the far-off forest floor, and out over the level green tree-tops that curve and sink and rise and fall like an upper ocean—O, that would be glorious! that would be to get next door to the sky, almost at touch with the sun, and to hobnob with the birds! And I have never done it.

Illustration
of Lofty
Ideals

But I am trying to do something that is quite as good, and if any of you, my readers, are as old as I am and cannot hope to learn to climb trees, or if you happen to be the kind of girl that thinks climbing trees is unladylike, you may like to know what sort of thing I substitute for it.

Studies in the Art of Illustration

Well, for example, take Shelley's "Sky Lark," that "singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest." With him I can get quite out of the ruts and rubbish of my humdrum toil, up into the very heart of the sunny sky. It is quite as good as climbing a tree. Try it.

Then there is Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship." The strong sentences of the gruff old hater of shams and lover of truth and righteousness sweep me up with them, as on the spiral of a Western cyclone, into the region of clear seeing and pure air and large breaths. Try *that*, and see.

Then there are the lives of the great missionaries. I think of John G. Paton and of oak-trees together, and you all know why. Nor can I read the life of any true missionary without spurning the low, brutal passions and greeds that clog me and chain me, and leaping up into the liberty and the vastness of God's own heaven. It is better than tree-climbing.

And of course there are the Psalms, and the fourteenth chapter of John, and the twelfth chapter of Romans, and the third of James, and the sixth of Ephesians, and the thirteenth of First Corinthians, and the third of First John, and the twenty-second of the Revelation—trees, every one of them, whose straight trunk, so easy to climb, bears me swiftly up into the blue, through the clouds, past moon and sun and stars, up—up—up—to the very gate of the Eternal City!

O get above trivialities! Spring up into the immortalities! Learn to climb trees!

Hypnotism

HYPNOTISM

THERE is always a fairy land of science. This fairy land is filled with the things the professors know so little about that they say "Pooh! pooh!" at them. When they find out about them, they say "We always thought so," and then the fairies go somewhere else.

Illustration
of One-Sided
Minds

One of these fairy lands just now is that sleepy country known as hypnotism. Hypnotism is artificial sleep. In this, just as in most kinds of natural sleep, some of the faculties remain awake, and especially are they awake to the bidding of the man who puts the patient to sleep.

Indeed, in hypnotism, the faculties that do remain awake are more wide-awake than usual. President G. Stanley Hall, in a recent lecture, illustrates this finely. Take a long gas pipe from which project fifty lighted jets. Then turn out the lights one by one. The lights that remain burn all the more brightly, until the last jet glares with great brilliancy.

So in the case of a mesmerized man, all the physical and mental energies seem to flow through the single channel that remains open. If, at the will of the doctor, he sees, he sees with unwonted intensity and with grotesque imagination. If he feels, he is conscious of pressure that does not exist. If he is bidden to hear, his ear catches strains inaudible to all others. His memory is intensified, so that he will hold in mind the most complicated orders, and even

Studies in the Art of Illustration

execute them after he has waked, and on a distant day. But all this is only at the bidding of the hypnotizer. If *he* presents a wisp of paper as a rose, straightway it has beauty and fragrance ; but if you or I should present a perfect Jacqueminot, the patient would neither see it nor smell it.

And now, my readers, how many of you are hypnotized? You shake your vigorous heads, and declare them wide-awake and self-commanded. But are you sure?

I know scores of men who are spiritually and mentally hypnotized. That is, nearly all the holes in their pipe of life are choked up,—nearly all the natural avenues of activity,—and their energy must be exerted hysterically and disproportionately through the few outlets that remain open. *Every one-sided man is hypnotized.*

Here's a man asleep on the physical side. He has no love for nature, no zest for bodily sport, for hearty food, for vigorous living. Here's a poor fellow asleep on the spiritual side. He knows no Sabbath, owns no closet of prayer, fears the dark, and finds it dull to be alone. Here's a man mentally hypnotized. He is interested in nothing but beetles, or Greek roots, or compound fractions. Here's a man socially hypnotized. He can see no good in artisans, or he has no use for rich folks, or he dislikes Italians, or he has an aversion for men who wear plug hats.

Every hobby carries its rider swiftly into the dull land of hypnotism. And it's the easiest thing in the world to mount a hobby,—much easier than for me

Hypnotism

to mount a horse. At first the hobby is a toy horse, and gets between your feet, you scarcely know how. But the hobby grows apace. Now he's the size of a goat. Now he's a donkey, and your feet are just off the ground. Soon he's a full-grown horse, and your feet are in the stirrups. Speedily he's a camel, and you are perched on the loftiest hump. And before you know it he's an elephant, and you are afraid to get down, if you want to.

Or, to go back to our first symbol. No man who is one-sided will confess it, any more than the mesmeric patient is conscious of his hypnotic condition. Indeed, among my acquaintance some of the folks who are most certain that they are unabridged encyclopædias are those whose minds do not even cover one letter of the alphabet. You see, they are using all their energies, and they are unconscious that they are pouring them all out of the same hole.

And finally these spiritually and mentally hypnotized folks are not their own masters, any more than mesmeric patients are. Somebody or something hypnotized them at the start. Possibly it was a fascinating teacher, to whose "specialty" they gave themselves up, body and soul. Possibly it was a book, to whose ideas they became such stupid and absolute converts that no other ideas were henceforth admitted to their heads. Possibly it was a taste, a fancy, a whim, indulged in blindly until it became supreme. Whatever it was, the poor fellow is no longer his own, but thinks and feels, hears and sees, at the mere suggestion of this teacher, or book, or taste, or habit of life, all the time

Studies in the Art of Illustration

believing, mind you, that he is his own master, and scorning the insinuation that his mind and soul are another's.

Oh, you poor, deluded, hypnotized, sick folks ! As the doctor slaps his hands smartly before the face of the entranced patient, so I would wake you up with a sharp exhortation : Be men ! Be women ! Do your own thinking ! Live all over ! Light all the jets !

A WELL-FITTING COAT

It is no sign of genius, young man, to disregard the fitting of your coat. It is rather a sign of boorish disregard of other people's opinions and pleasure. A young man should be properly independent, but he should also be properly anxious to please. It may even be said to be a part of Christianity to look well to the fitting of one's coat.

Illustrating
the Outward
Effects of
Character

Now to have a well-fitting-coat much more is needed than to have a good tailor. As the best Crispin in the world could not make an elegant boot for a club-foot, so the best tailor in the world will fail to do himself credit if he has to work on a slouchy, hollow-chested, ungainly form.

Exercise, young man, is your tailor's best ally. The bicycle will do more for the fit of your coat than his needle, and the oar-blade than his shears. The tailor's finest garment, most elaborately made, put on a saw-horse, would simply serve to call attention to the angularities of the saw-horse. Give your tailor something to dress up,—broad chest and full-muscled

The Hands and the Venus

limbs,—and you need think very little about the quality of the cloth or the cut of the garment.

My second bit of advice to all those who are rightly sedulous regarding the fit of their clothes is, Look pleasant! No man's clothes fit well when he has a fit of bad temper. Your unwrinkled coat will have no pleasant effect if it is accompanied by a wrinkled forehead.

In the third place, and finally, to end this tailor's sermon, Stand straight! No man will ever be thought well dressed who has not a manly bearing, though his clothes be the masterpiece of a master tailor. On the other hand, a vigorous, well-poised, graceful gait and station, an attitude modest yet confident, and a frank and open address, will bring it about that even the most critical will be utterly oblivious of baggy knees, shiny sleeves, and wrinkled coat.

And so after all, to get at the coat we must begin with the soul. In every tailor's shop I would place this motto, where every one might see it as he was being measured: "Be strong, be pleasant, be manly, if you want a good fit!"

THE HANDS AND THE VENUS

OF course, every one that visits the world's greatest art collection, the Louvre, wants to hunt up, the very first thing, the pearl of the vast treasure house, the Venus of Milo. This peerless statue is found at the farther end of a long succession of rooms, as if the Republic wished to keep its chief art treasure in its

**Illustrating
Good Com-
panionships**

Studies in the Art of Illustration

innermost heart. Men stand guard constantly in that room, whatever other rooms are left free from jealous care.

No other object is admitted to the apartment. The Queen of Beauty is solitary. The room is so arranged as to throw the light upon the marble in just the best way, and rich curtains are so disposed as to set off its charms. The graciousness, the winsomeness, the consummate womanliness of this masterpiece have often enough been described, and it is not my purpose to expand so trite a theme.

But I said that no other objects were admitted to the apartment. I must make a single exception. In a glass case to one side are placed some fragments of one arm, with a hand and fingers. The statue of Venus is without arms and feet, and these fragments were found buried with it in Milo's soil from which it was dug, and it is for that sole reason that they are here preserved. No one ever imagined them to be parts of the Venus. They are far too clumsily made for that. It is inconceivable that the sculptor capable of modelling the Venus could fashion an arm and hand as stiff and crude as these. But they were found neighboring one another in the earth, and they will be neighbors to the end of time.

I carried away from that quiet, rapt room many a lesson, and to me not the least impressive of them all was the lesson of that little glass case. "Let your friendships climb!" it told me. "Ally yourself with the noblest and best you know. You may not be able to become as beautiful as that lovely spirit, as master-

Set in Your Way

ful as that strong one, as wise as that sage ; but get as close to them as you can, and they will lift you up with them—not as high, of course, but with them, and infinitely higher than you would have gone without them.”

And then, as I think about it, comes a further thought that is more stimulating and encouraging still : “ That arm and those fingers were only marble, but you are flexible spirit. They must forever remain what they are now, but you may forever grow, and forever beautify yourself. Get close to the beautiful, the wise, and the good, and they will not only carry you into their abodes on sufferance ; you will become as beautiful and wise and good as they. Though you started awkward and ugly, you will end with the grace and the power of the Venus of Milo.”

This is a considerable sermon to get out of that little glass case ; but it was all there, wasn't it ?

SET IN YOUR WAY

You are driving along briskly through the pleasant weather. The trees and the fence-corners and the boulders by the roadside have been flying past, and you have been tipping your hat gayly to the folks you met, and the universe was all right.

Illustration
of Obstinacy

Then the horse stops. A few minutes disclose the fact that the horse is balking. People look at you pityingly, and give you advice. There is an ugly hickory sapling by the side of the road that you never

Studies in the Art of Illustration

want to see again, but seem doomed to see for the next hour. All the glow and exhilaration have gone. All the pleasure has vanished. The horse has become set in his ways—set on the king's—or the president's—highways.

Now when men and women thus get set in their ways, we do not call it balking—that is, if we are polite; we call it firmness. The angel of truth, however, would in the majority of cases prefer, of the two, the former term.

For our ways may be all right, just as the president's highway is all right; but when, in imitation of the balky horse, we become *set* in them, they straightway become all wrong. *Firmness* in one's ways—that is the horse steadily trotting on, mile after mile, right in the middle of the road, never shying, never slowing up, plodding earnestly toward its goal. *Set* in one's ways—that is balking. Do you see the difference?

When a man is set in his ways, I sometimes wish that I could transform him in swift accordance with my instinctive thought of him. He would then stiffen out as if a ramrod were run through his positive frame from bull-neck to stub-toed boots. The ground would let him down a foot, and then would pack itself tightly around him. A hole would appear through his cannon-ball of a head, and there he would be—a hitching-post! When people get set in their ways, it is a pity their “firmness” cannot be utilized.

Only—such a man *would* be an uncomfortable sort of thing to tie to!

Nautilus People

NAUTILUS PEOPLE

THE shell of a pearly nautilus lay on my table. It was cut in halves so that I could see all the beautiful curves and partitions and colors of the interior, with the little tube running through the centre from end to end, and the twists in the shell that helped the animal to hold itself in. It is a thing of beauty, and no wonder it inspired Dr. Holmes to write his noblest poem.

Illustrating the
Appreciation
of Blessings

One night at dusk, as I was looking at this shell, I was pleased to observe the ghost of its former inhabitant hovering over it. You did not know the pearly nautilus had a ghost? Well, why shouldn't it have?

And as I kept very still I heard the ghost of the nautilus talking to itself. "Why, what a wonderful house I once lived in," it remarked. "Strange that I never noticed this exquisite mother-of-pearl, flashing with all the rainbow tints. How delicately this partition is suffused with pink, and what a lovely blue is lurking in that corner! Then, too, how charming are all these curves, and how graceful every outline! How light it all is, and yet how strong! How could I ever bear to leave it? Why was not every minute I spent in it a dream of beauty and delight?"

"But yet," the ghost continued, "as I look back upon those watery days, I think I never thought of my home at all. I was all the time looking out through the water and up into the air, feeling around after food, or, if I entered the house at all, shrinking and

Studies in the Art of Illustration

trembling there because of some foe I feared. Indeed, as I remember it, I filled the house entirely with myself; and I needed to lose it altogether, and take myself completely out of it, in order to see how beautiful it is."

With this the ghost of the nautilus slowly faded away, or else, as is more likely, it grew too dark to see it, and when I had lighted my lamp it was gone. But I could not help thinking that the experience of the nautilus was very much like the experience of thousands of human folks, who live in beautiful homes, and fill them so entirely with self and the thought of self that they never have time or inclination to notice how lovely their surroundings are, how iridescent the home is with all bright loves and graces. It is necessary for them to lose their homes before they can appreciate them.

HOW DO YOU FEEL?

Ask some one to shut his eyes. Take a pair of sharp-pointed scissors, open them so that the tips are about one-third of an inch apart, and touch your friend's forehead with them, asking him whether both tips are touching him, or only one. He will say, "Only one."

Keeping the scissors the same, touch the lips or the chin. Now your friend will say, "Two." If you experiment on the middle of the back, you will find that you must hold the tips of the scissors two and

How Do You Feel?

one-half inches apart, if you want to feel them as more than one. The tips of the forefingers, on the other hand, distinguish them as two when they are separated only one-twelfth of an inch, and the delicate tongue, the most sensitive organ of touch, tells them apart when only one-twenty-fourth of an inch intervenes between the tips.

From one-twenty-fourth to sixty-twenty-fourths of an inch! Surely when I ask you how you feel, you might with propriety respond, "What part of me?"

What is the cause of this great difference in sensitiveness? Practice, and nothing else. Those portions of the body which, like the tips of the tongue and the tips of the finger, are constantly engaged with small objects and slight variations of position, form, and distance, become educated to perceive what organs less thoroughly drilled would not apprehend. You might expect the back, always protected by clothing, to be sensitive to touch; but no. You might expect the tip of the tongue to become calloused with this constant friction, or the tip of the finger to become dull and blunted with perpetual touching, but the opposite is the case. The type-setter, all the time feeling for little bits of metal, becomes more skilled the longer he works. The fingers of the blind grow in delicacy of apprehension. The touch of the pianist becomes more perfect the longer he plays.

Now the moral of all this—of course it has a moral, or I wouldn't think it worth mentioning!—the moral of all this is, that the easiest and surest way to grow hardened to any duty is simply to leave that duty alone!

Studies in the Art of Illustration

I do not like to see people fighting their duties, contending against their consciences, but at least that shows their consciences to be aroused. Anything is better than letting conscience and duty alone. It is doing nothing that is dangerous.

And on the contrary there is this happy thing to learn,—that if you want to grow skillful in a virtue the way is—to practise it. The fingers of your soul will ache at first. They will seem awkward and clumsy,—all thumbs. There will be failure and failure and failure. Never mind. Keep on practising. Skilled touch is a growth. At it, and at it, and at it again. By and by the fingers of your soul will begin to limber. By and by your spiritual touch will become more delicate. By and by your handling of the duty, of the virtue, that at first was bungling and awkward, will cease to be the handling of an apprentice, will become the execution of a master. Sensitiveness and skill and power will dwell in the tips of your soul's fingers, put there by friction against the task that God set them to do! Try it, try it!

WHAT THE SMOKE SAID

A POOR young man was leaning against a post on Boston common. At least, I took him to be a poor young man, judging from his words, and from the expression of his face. He held in his hand the languishing stub of a cigar, with a puff from which he frequently insulted the inoffensive air.

Illustrating
the Folly of
Tobacco

What the Smoke Said

Said the poor young fellow, the corners of his mouth drawn down almost to his chin: "It's hard luck. I don't seem to get along. The firm doesn't pay me enough by half. Now there's Bill Akens, he went in when I did, and he owns his house, and he has money in the bank to boot, while I—bah! my pocket's full of bills, and I can't keep a cent. Now he has luck, gilt 'edged luck, while I have ——'"

While he was thinking of a word mean enough to express his financial depression the poor fellow took a puff at his cigar, and we both of us watched the smoke whirl away in the air. What was my astonishment to see the curling wreaths form themselves into letters, shaped like script, and reading, "Here goes my money!" I looked at the young man in amazement, but he was serenely puffing away, quite oblivious to that strange smoke penmanship.

"That's queer!" exclaimed I; but he, without allowing me to explain what was queer, went on with his complaint.

"Queer? I should say so! And just see how that Bill Akens stands with the firm! Why, there's some talk of his getting into partnership. But I—why, the other day I hinted to the old gentleman that I thought my salary ought to be raised, and he as good as told me if I didn't like it I might leave it. Leave it? I guess I would, in a hurry, if I could get another place." And this time he gave an exceedingly vigorous puff at the cigar.

Again the mysterious air currents twisted the smoke, turned it over and over, and drew it out into the words,

Studies in the Art of Illustration

"Here goes my reputation!" I was about to call his attention to the remarkable phenomenon—for, though, he was leaning back with one eye cocked up at the smoke, evidently he did not read anything in it—but he proceeded in a still more indignant strain.

"And what makes it all the more ungrateful is that I am absolutely wearing myself out in their service. My head aches nearly all the time, and my eyes ache, and I am actually getting to be afraid of heart disease, I have such queer feelings in my chest. They ought not to expect any one man to do as much work as I do—at least on such a ridiculous salary."

With these dolorous words the poor chap slowly straightened himself up and sauntered disconsolately away, still comforting himself with his cigar. And as the twisting, serpentine train of smoke strung out after him it took shape much as before, save that this time it read, "Here goes my health."

And as I passed on I shed a tear for the poor, persecuted, unfortunate young man.

AT NAPOLEON'S TOMB

I AM more impressed with Napoleon's tomb than with anything else in Europe. Rising back of the Invalides, as it does, its freshness and elegance are in striking contrast to the decrepit antiquity of that rambling building, and the great memory it enthrones seems infinitely more alive than the half-tottering soldiers that creep about the halls of the ancient barracks.

Illustration of
Reverence

At Napoleon's Tomb

The dome of the tomb rises with no gradation to ease the eye, sheer upward, with a boldness of height that startles one. The sunken sarcophagus—where on earth are stones as massive as the polished, gigantic rock that covers the mighty emperor? And then those resplendent names carved in the pavement around the tomb—Jena, Austerlitz, Marengo, and the rest, and the sweep of the imposing arches, and the regal glories of the shrine of Christ that towers above the grave, and that wonderful blue light that fills the place as if it were the smoke of the emperor's battles—all this is unspeakably majestic and impressive.

We took off our hats—my friend and I—in the presence of the mighty dead. It did not seem possible that any one could retain his hat in that place. However, we saw one man with his hat on, and we watched a gendarme rush up to him and indignantly wave it off.

And in a flash—the same flash, indeed—that gendarme turned to us. We were tired. We had a right to be tired, for we had been shopping for presents in the Bon Marché, which is the Jordan and Marsh or the Wanamaker's of Paris. Moreover, it was a very warm day, and so we had sat down upon the steps that lined the side of the great room. With all the fury of a Frenchman, that policeman gestured to us to rise, pouring out at the same time a volley of reproaches. We had not thought about it, but was it not as disrespectful to that august shade to sit in his presence as to wear one's hat? We were filled with shame and chagrin.

Studies in the Art of Illustration

Often, since then, that scene has recurred to my mind as I have entered God's house. Where has been my reverence and where my awe? However outwardly respectful, has not my mind kept its hat on, and gone lounging along in its working clothes? Yet Napoleon was only a masterful man, a man of blood, the sovereign, in spite of his greatness, of one of the most fleeting domains a conqueror ever brought beneath a sceptre; while, in entering a church, I pass into the presence-chamber of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, the Conqueror of Napoleon and Cæsar and Alexander, not dead, not weighed down by tons of stone, but the Ever-living One, the Vanquisher of Death, the All-Creator, the All-Father! And shall not my soul make obeisance before Him?

FLOW SOUTH!

DID you ever think what must happen to the rivers that flow north, when they break up in the spring after their winter's ice-sleep? If they are long rivers, like the great McKenzie or the Lena, there is a decided difference between the temperatures of their source and of their mouth. While the head waters are thawing, the mouth is still blocked with thick, impenetrable ice.

**Illustrating
the Grace of
Expression**

You can see that the result would be enormous floods, the river spreading far beyond its banks into the forest on either hand, rushing along in a great

Flow South !

torrent that even gathers up tree trunks, and collects them in the lakes and the stiller places, making the foundations for future coal beds. This continues, with immense accumulations of water and *débris*, until the weather at the mouth is warm enough to melt the ice barrier. Then the floods rush out to sea, the border land is drained, the river returns to its banks, and the summer has begun.

There are some people that, like these rivers, flow north ! Their mouths have frozen up. They are not able to give vent to their feelings in words. Their head goes on thinking and feeling, sorrowing and rejoicing, melting into a great flood that ought to have an outlet through the mouth but doesn't get it for a long time. So it goes plunging along any other way it can, and often drives quite out of all bounds the luckless person whose mouth is frozen up.

Are you puzzled and do not know what I mean ? Then think of the many, many people who really love those around them,—their sisters, or brothers, or fathers, or mothers, or friends,—but do not know how to express that love, their mouths being frozen up. Think of the Christians who are trying to follow Jesus, who get help from Him and who love Him, but who never speak of Him to others, because their lives are flowing north. Think of the folks who have high ideals, who are seeking to be good and true and helpful and noble, but all the time the people around them do not know what they are trying to do and be, because their mouths are frozen up, so that they say not a word about their ideals : and because they do

Studies in the Art of Illustration

not know, the people around cannot help them and sympathize with them.

Now I think you see what I mean when I urge you to flow south. Let warm weather be about your mouths! Be always ready to speak out the best that is in you,—your noblest thoughts, your purest purposes, your dearest love. Don't let your mouths freeze over.

GIFT ANGELS

ONE 24th of December, dozing by my study fire, a wonderful change seemed suddenly to come to me, and I appeared to be walking home over a high hill. This was a very beautiful hill, right above the centre of the earth, and gift angels before setting out on their Christmas errands seemed to meet there; the hill was crowded with hosts of them.

Illustration
of Wise
Giving

What are gift angels? The little sprites that go along with all presents, and while the giver carries the gift, *they* carry the happiness! Have you never wondered how both always come together? And in my sleep it seemed that the gift angels met on this beautiful hill to be assigned to different gifts and receive the loads of happiness which were to go along with them.

As I came up on that Christmas Eve they were just dispersing on their errands—clouds of shining white angels floating swiftly off in all directions from the hill. First I met a gay group of them, all dancing

Gift Angels

and singing with joy, and asked them why they went together.

"We go with a load of coal to poor old Charity West," said they, "and it needs all of us to carry so much happiness!"

Then I noticed an angel who seemed to move reluctantly and with a disappointed air. He was not shining, either, or singing like the rest, and I asked him why.

"Because I must go with a diamond necklace," answered he.

"Why, you should sparkle all over on such an errand!" I exclaimed.

"No, no! For it is sent by one rich woman to another whom she does not like, and sent only to repay an obligation!"

"Have you any happiness at all to carry with such a gift?"

"A very little," he sighed, "but I must make the most of it!"

Next came dancing toward me a second group, fully as large as the first—some two dozen of them.

"We all go with one little present!" they shouted gayly to me.

"What is it?" I asked.

"A penwiper, which a little girl made for her father, and no one but us knows of it! And there's happiness enough to load us all!"

"What can such a very wee angel as this be doing?" thought I, as an exceedingly small spirit came toward me, and so I asked him.

Studies in the Art of Illustration

"I go with a piano," the little one answered.

"Surely you can't carry it!" I cried in surprise.

"Hardly, the piano!" he laughed, "but all the happiness makes a light load, for a rich father is giving it carelessly to his daughter, and she will be angry because it is not as good as the one her friend has."

I admired especially a very dainty being whom I saw approaching, by far the most exquisite of all in form and face. Wondering for what errand he was selected, I inquired.

"To go with a rough dry-goods box," he replied, "which a father has fitted up himself, to be his little daughter's doll-house. Ah, how elegant she will think it!"

Strangely enough this lovely being was followed by one who seemed as careless and negligent as it is possible for these beautiful spirits to look, and his errand was a similar one!

"But the doll-house with which I am to go *is* an elegant one, bought at a fine store, with so many other presents that the child will hardly look at it. I carry so little happiness that I am ashamed of myself!"

By this time the hill was deserted, and as a log falling down in my grate caused me to stir, I fell to wondering what sort of angels would accompany the presents I intended to make on the morrow.

"I Wish You!"

"I WISH YOU!"

IF I believed in fairies, I would say that they had a hand in it. But since fairies do not exist, it must have been something in the atmosphere, and the reports of the Signal Service should have predicted it! At any rate it was a very queer thing that

Illustration of
the Christmas
Spirit

happened; for on that Christmas day at Sometown every tongue seemed bewitched; and when it tried to say blithely, as usual, "I wish you a merry Christmas!" it said instead, very much to its owner's astonishment, "I'll make you a merry Christmas!"

For instance, old Judge Bigwig, when his servant, Uncle Cuffy, came to wait on the breakfast-table, was in the habit of wishing him a merry Christmas, and that was the end of it. On that morning, however, he found himself saying,—

"I'll make you a merry Christmas, Uncle Cuffy!"
And the old colored man laughed, delighted, and said,—
"T'ank ye, Mas'sr!"

So the Judge made him happy with a ten-dollar bill, and felt merrier himself than for twenty long years.

In the same way young Harry Simworth intended to greet his mother with the usual Christmas wishes. He did not expect to receive any present from her, for they were not in the habit of giving any. They thought they were too poor since the father died. But Harry found himself saying heartily: "I'll make you a merry Christmas, mother dear!" and had to set to work to redeem his promise. He went

Studies in the Art of Illustration

out and bought a big turkey, such as they had not seen in that house before. To be sure, he used the money he had saved to get a new pair of skates, but what was that compared with his mother's happy smiles, and his own light heart?

The Conington children, Fred and Lucy, Nell and Bert, always received hosts of gifts, but knew nothing about giving any. What was their dismay, then, to find themselves shouting gayly to each other on Christmas morning, —

“I'll make you a merry Christmas!”

From long habit they kept up their Christmas shouts until they found a large number of promises on their hands! They were energetic children, however, and the morning was so well filled with jolly whispered consultations, with busy hours in far-off rooms, with hasty visits to the stores, that under every plate at dinner-time lay a little reminder, given or made by the children themselves, for all members of the family.

“And what a pleasant day this has been!” cried Fred, at night. “Jolliest Christmas ever was!” they all assented.

The same things were happening all over Sometown. People were giving presents, and people were receiving presents, who had never thought of such a thing before; and all because they got to saying, “I'll make” instead of “I wish”! And I really suppose that all of the happiness of all the Christmases Sometown ever saw, put together, would not equal the joy of that single day!

Pledges at the Counter

PLEDGES AT THE COUNTER

Do you know what pleased me as much as anything I have seen in London? Not the vastly interesting streets of the world's metropolis, instinct at every turn with delightful or tragic history. Not that most eloquent of all earth's buildings, Westminster Abbey. Not that most powerful of all earth's buildings, the British Parliament Houses—which is at the same time among the most lovely of all earth's buildings, and well worth admiring in itself quite apart from the fact that the world's mightiest empire has its centre within those graceful walls. Not London Tower, with its dark memories. Not the history-weighted Thames. None of these things moved me more than a little notice I saw one morning in an inferior restaurant near King's Cross Station.

**Illustration of
the Power
of Reform**

It was early in the morning, and no restaurant was open save this. The place was a poor one, though neat and well kept. I would not have exchanged it, however, for Delmonico's. And why? Because I observed, placed conspicuously on the wall, this sign, "TEMPERANCE PLEDGES GIVEN OUT AT THE COUNTER."

To appreciate this, you need to remember how common are bar-rooms in England, how terrible is the drinking there. It is even worse than in our own rum-cursed land. Riding along at night, you can look from the tops of the 'buses into the saloons, and see the swarms within, and they will be helped to their

Studies in the Art of Illustration

ruin by women bar-tenders. And women themselves will be among them often, and sometimes you can see the women putting the bottles to their babies' lips. It is when we remember all these things, and remember, too, how much it means for a restaurant-keeper to take a stand for temperance, that the significance of such a sign as I have quoted becomes apparent, and its letters begin to shine out with the brilliancy of diamonds.

Ah, it is that sort of backbone and Christian enterprise that is needed, if we would save men from the destruction of strong drink! Whatever organization or method you adopt, it all goes back to the individual man and his backbone. Will the temperance reform be accomplished? *Yes*, when you and I, and others that with us have taken allegiance to God and right, have as much straightforward manliness as that obscure restaurant-keeper in that clamoring street in London.

A MATTER OF GUM

DID you ever know what extraordinary pains our government takes to cover with an even and adequate layer of mucilage the millions of postage-stamps used by this letter-writing people? The work is done in a room kept very carefully at a temperature of 80° and a degree of humidity measured at 55. In the morning each workman is charged up with 1,000 sheets of stamps, 400 stamps in a sheet, and with 26 pounds of gum. The latter he must

Illustration of
the Secret
of Success

A Matter of Gum

spread with perfect uniformity over the former. Tests are made to see whether the coating of gum varies on sheets one seven-thousandth of a pound.

Pipes carry the melted gum into vats, from which it oozes out over rollers. The stamps pass beneath these rollers and take from them a thin coating of gum, afterwards being carried by a long belt over a steam-heated vat which dries them. Delicate instruments show at a glance not only just how hot the gum is, but also what is its specific gravity. Three kinds of gum are used—one for winter, so made that the sheets will roll as little as possible when the cold contracts them; one for spring and fall; and one, the hardest gum of all, made to withstand the heat of summer. Every step in the process is constantly watched, in order that there may not be a single one of the nearly half-million stamps coated by each workman every day that will adhere where it should not, or fail to adhere where it should. And how well they succeed, every one of eighty million Americans will gladly bear witness.

What has been my object in telling you this? That you may stick upon your minds this truth: the only success on earth is bought by patience, painstaking, and perseverance. Take a lesson from these postage-stamp men, and keep your work of the same uniform quality all the time. Take another lesson from them, and watch all its details. Take another lesson, and vary your methods for different times and seasons. Thus alone will you become men of *mark* (postmark) whom the world will *stamp* with approval!

Studies in the Art of Illustration

THE RESERVE AT THE WHEEL

AN electric car was speeding along Indiana Avenue, in Chicago, and was just approaching the Fortieth Street railroad crossing, when the motorman fell over, struck instantly dead with heart disease. A freight-train was approaching, and the car flew onward without a guide. The conductor was busy collecting fares, and did not see what had happened. Over the tracks the car speeded, and passed just in front of the locomotive. A few seconds later, and there would have been a fearful accident.

There was a similar happening once on one of the ferry-boats that ply so faithfully over the crowded waters between New York and Brooklyn. The pilot was stricken with heart disease, and the wheel was left to take care of itself. The boat narrowly escaped collision before the condition of affairs was discovered. Since that time two pilots have occupied the wheel-house together, for fear of a repetition of the same occurrence.

Everywhere in our complicated modern life events are happening like these two. Men and women who hold prominent and important positions are passing away without warning, leaving their crafts to drift without pilots. It may be a great reform that is thus left headless. It may be some vast business concern. It may be a religious organization, nation-wide or world-wide in its reach. It may be a college or university. For years the fortunes of the enterprise have

Look Out for Safety-Valves

been bound up in one man. When men thought of it, they thought of him. Around him have gathered the worldly interests, the affections, and the confidence of multitudes. And when he passes away, the prestige and success of the organization fall to a point from which it never, or only after long years of effort, recovers.

The lesson is to all Elijahs,—train your Elishas ! Wise indeed was Christ when He sent out His disciples two by two. It was not merely for the comfort of companionship, but it was for the perpetuity of the work. If Paul fell, there was Timothy.

It is a noble thing to establish a great business, a great society, a magnificent reform, a new mission ; but I sometimes think that it is even greater, because it is more rare, to ensure the perpetuation of what has been established. And the principle of this has just as close application to smaller things as to those of world-wide scope. Superintendents of Sunday-schools, presidents of young people's societies, chairmen of committees,—train your Elishas !

LOOK OUT FOR SAFETY-VALVES !

A STRANGE accident was reported not long ago in the New York papers. An electric car was turning from 44th Street into Madison Avenue when it ran against a portable hoisting-engine at work on a new building. The man in charge of the engine knew it was close to the track, and wanted to move it in. He motioned for the motorman to stop, and the latter

Illustrating
Uneven
Tempers

Studies in the Art of Illustration

did so, but the conductor, who was in the rear, thought there was room enough, and rang for the car to proceed.

The only part of the engine that was over the track was the safety-valve, and the car in passing neatly shaved this off. At once, with a roar like an explosion, a volume of steam rushed out. It smashed every window in that side of the car. It filled the car with steam, scalding the passengers. Many were injured by the cut glass which flew in all directions. Many were severely burned by the steam. There was a wild rush for the door, which hurt many more. Altogether, of the nearly one hundred passengers, more than fifty were harmed in one way or another. And all because a little piece of metal extended over a street-car track.

Well, my brethren, no one that has any eye for morals can fail to find a moral among those bits of broken glass. The moral is this: Take care of your safety-valves!

Some folks whom I know are always sticking their safety-valves in people's way. Rub against them on almost any occasion and in almost any place, and you are in imminent danger of knocking that useful article off, and causing an escape of scalding steam. "Touchy" folks, we call them, because you cannot touch them without their exploding in that fashion.

On the other hand, I am blessed with the knowledge of a goodly number of "self-contained" folks. They are always serene (or—if the truth must be told—they are *almost* always serene). They let off steam

A Prayer-Meeting Mirror

once in a while, but they know how to do it quietly and safely and privately. They keep their safety-valve on top, out of the way. "Even-tempered," we call them, probably because they do not jut out any dangerous projections over other people's life rails.

The longer I live, my beloved, the more I admire serenity. The world, I honestly think, could get along with a little less bustle on your part, a little less toil, a little less puffing and hoisting of heavy blocks to the twenty-seventh story—if you will only keep your safety-valves where they should be, and keep your steam to yourself!

A PRAYER-MEETING MIRROR

NOT long ago I happened to attend a lecture given in a small room. Back of the speaker there hung a large mirror,—so large that every one in the audience, looking in it, could see every one else. I had taken a seat near the front, but I had thus an opportunity to see as many new spring hats as if I had been sitting on a rear seat. The advantages of the arrangement are obvious.

**Illustrating
the Courtesy
of Attention**

But there was another advantage which was on the lecturer's side. No one could yawn without every one else's seeing him. No one could whisper without letting every one in the room into the secret. No one could permit his eyes to wander from the lecturer without encountering other eyes in the tell-tale mirror. I know, for I tried it!

Studies in the Art of Illustration

I am inclined to think this a pretty good scheme for any prayer-meeting room. It would cure the back-seat nuisance, for it abolishes the back seat. It would cure the whispering nuisance, the giggling nuisance, the looking-at-the-watch nuisance.

And now if one could only get a mirror that would reflect, not the outside of one's head, but the thoughts going on within—but no ! that would be going a step too far !

THE LOVELIEST SPOT IN BOSTON

Do you know where it is ? If you lived in Boston, you would at once agree with me. It is the Public Garden just as you come out of the Subway. There has been the long, cold, dark, roaring, rushing tunnel, and now in an instant there are the flowers, the sunshine, glimpses of the lake, statues, birds, children, and quiet,—or as much of it as you can get in a great city.

**Illustrating the
Advantage of
Sorrow**

I live in a suburb ten miles from Boston, and the railroad, to avoid grade crossings, has cut a long trench through the three suburbs just before my own. When this was done, I remember hearing a real-estate agent chuckling over the prospect. "They will come out of that ditch," he said gleefully, "and the first thing they will strike will be our beautiful green village. Why, real estate will be booming here in no time !"

Not long ago the world came out of the long, black, cold tunnel of winter into the springtide freshness and splendor. We didn't realize it, perhaps, but much of

How to Forget Fear

our delight in the spring was due to the winter's gloom and discomfort. Not a single bleak, bare bough but made more beautiful the trees' new garniture. Not a slushy, icy street but added to the softness of the grass. Not a lowering sky or a fearful blizzard but enhanced the charm of clear skies and sunshine. Spring owes much to winter.

Ah, but let us never forget—there is a breaking up of every winter, an end to every tunnel. After earth, heaven !

“ There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers.”

And there isn't a bit of gloom here but may make heaven's light more radiant ; not a sorrow here but may increase heaven's joys ; not a disappointment here but may, if rightly accepted, blossom into a magnificent happiness there. We never think, till the spring comes, how much it may owe to the winter. Let us be wiser in looking forward from this brief earth-winter of ours to the eternal springtime.

HOW TO FORGET FEAR

A JUNIOR superintendent once told me a beautiful story about a young Junior Endeavorer, a member of her society. This little girl had heard the superintendent say that in their prayers they should ask for just what they wanted, and so one day her petition was this : “ Dear Jesus, I am afraid to lead the meeting next week. Please help me to think so much about the subject that I will forget to be afraid.”

Illustrating
the Conquest
of Fear

Studies in the Art of Illustration

That's the whole matter, packed into a nutshell by a child's unconscious wisdom. When we are too timid to express our thoughts on any subject, it is because we have not labored hard enough to get thoughts that will not go unexpressed. When we are afraid before men, it is because we are not enough in earnest before God.

MY SUPERSENSITIVE WATCH

THE watch I carry has outlived its usefulness, I fear, or at least it would appear so. It has a thousand tricks. Now it will jump ahead like a flea, and the next day as likely as not it will have the rheumatism and go on crutches. Sometimes the hands will grow affectionate and clasp each other so firmly, "passing the time o' day," I suppose, that the time o' day is a mystery to me for many an hour thereafter. In my office work, when I have no time to see what time it is, my watch trudges along as faithfully as the clock at Greenwich. When I am off on a journey, and a minute makes the difference between train and no train, my watch stops. It has a way, too, of leaving off work for an hour or so and then starting up again without help, which is the most disconcerting thing a watch can possibly do.

Nevertheless, I carry the watch because I have carried it so long, and because it and I have grown old together, and I will not desert a partner in misery. Do I myself, forsooth "go" any better than my watch? I am careful to tell every one that I have a

How Many Languages ?

better timepiece at home, but it remains there, and my wife runs the children with it.

The queerest thing my watch does is this : it stops when I look at it. Why this is, I have never discovered ; but several times a day that is certain to happen. I will note the time, and perceive with pleasure that the watch is in good spirits and ticking in excellent form. Half an hour later I will look at the watch again, and it will be the same time as before. I have come to the conclusion that my watch is bashful and cannot bear to work when I am looking at it.

If my watch were a second-hand one, (*which it is not,*) I should think that its former owner had been one of those timid people who cannot speak in prayer meeting, because, O dear ! there are so many folks looking at them. Or to that timid soul who cannot be chairman of a church committee, because, O dear ! it is such a public position. Or to that bashful soul who cannot think of leading a meeting, because, O dear ! why, I wouldn't *dare* to, you know. Poor watch ; I am sorry for it ; it is so like folks.

HOW MANY LANGUAGES ?

TRAVELLING in France, I met for the first time the practical difficulties of a foreign tongue. I thought I knew French—a little. At least, I had taught it in a college, and I thought I ought to be able to obtain any necessities of life in French. But alas, I could not !

Illustration of
Getting Close
to People

Studies in the Art of Illustration

It was partly because the Parisians insisted on talking so fast. I could commit to memory my question, but of course it was impossible for me to commit to memory the answers they were going to make, and they would always be most inconsiderately voluble. I would frame my question always so that it could be answered by "yes" or "no." I knew those words. They are "oui" and "non." Not in a single instance would the Frenchman confine himself to the despised monosyllable. It would be buried out of sight in an avalanche of incomprehensibles.

Another difficulty was the pronunciation. Those Parisians absolutely refused to come up to the standards of an Ohio class-room. I must have mixed them up a little, to be sure. I know at the first I called for a Boer at the table, not with any cannibal intentions, but just because I wanted some butter. I know that the omnibus conductor, who tried to collect from me what I considered a double fare, grew black in the face trying to explain, and every one on top of the 'bus grew black in the face with laughter, while all I could say was that I did not comprends, and I would not paier.

I almost starved, and so did my friends. We could not get the right things to eat. We could not get enough of anything that was the right thing. We could not get anything whatever to drink. It was splendid practice, but it came hard.

The worst of all, however, was our social isolation. How I longed to talk with those French Endeavorers! I wanted to ask them how they worked the lookout

How Many Languages ?

committee, and if they were faithful to the pledge, and where the flower committee got their flowers, and what they did for the associates, and a thousand other questions. And I wanted to talk with the 'bus drivers, as I did in London. And I wanted to hobnob with the proprietors of those delightful long book-stalls that lined the sidewalks. And I wanted to discuss the Sunday observance question with the carpenters I saw hammering away on the Sabbath. And I wanted—O ever so many times I wanted to get at the inner life of the porters, and the market men, and the boat men, and the policemen, and all the other human creatures I met. But they were as far away from me as if they lived in Mars.

Well, after all, that was only a transient experience, and it matters little in the end just how many I speak of earth's clamorous tongues. There is another kind of language, however, in which it is of supreme importance that I become widely and deeply proficient. There is the language of sympathy. There is the language of cheer. There is the language of love. There is the language of encouragement. There is the language of hope. There is the language of common sense. There is the language of prayer. All these and many other languages are largely independent of earth's vocables. They have no written grammar, and no bulky lexicons. Their verbs are eye-glances, their nouns are hand-pressures, their adjectives are the tones of the voice, their rhetoric is written on the tablets of the heart. How many of *these* languages do you know ?

Studies in the Art of Illustration

There is the care-worn mother. Can you speak to her in a language that will melt her cares all away in its liquid flow? There is the conceited lad, playing at scepticism. Can you speak to his mind in the language of conviction? There is the business man, his heart filled with the spirit of mammon. Do you know how to talk to him, in language that he will understand, of the eternal things? The language of little children, the language of tender youth, the language of the poor, the language of the sick, the language of the discouraged, can you make yourself understood in addressing all these? How many languages can you speak?

And yet these different languages are all one. As the old Latin verse has it :

“Multæ terricolis linguæ, cœlestibus una”;

There are many languages in this babel of an earth, but in heaven there is only one.

It is the language of love.

Have you learned to talk it?

THE SLUMS BY PREFERENCE

I HAVE often noticed in walking about Boston how hard it is to lead the lower classes into the open spaces. Along the Charles, for instance, is a long and narrow park beautifully laid out in shrubbery, with cool grass and pretty flowers, and with the fresh river breezes blowing constantly over it.

Illustrating
the Fascination
of Folly

The Slums by Preference

There is a gymnasium for the girls and another for the boys, with baths for all, and even sand-heaps for the babies, and everything is as free and hospitable as a kind city government can make it.

Nevertheless, I have many a time seen this lovely place comparatively deserted, and walked only a square away to find the narrow, hot streets swarming with children fighting in the gutters, panting for breath in the few shadows, crying and whining and fretful, or loud and clamorous in some rude sport ; mothers carrying pallid babies in their arms and fanning the heavy air in their faces ; everything dirty and poisonous and ugly, with all that freshness and beauty and health only a square away ! The children are at home in those noisome coverts, and their mothers are at home there, and they seem loath to go forth into anything better.

But can we fairly find fault with them ? Are not our own lives lived mainly in the lowlands, when the mountain-tops are within easy reach of us ? Having wings, indeed, do we not hug our weights ? With all of God's wide heavens above us, are we not enamored of the frets and foulness of earth ? When we have a minute to ourselves, is it spent in prayer and praise and thoughts of great and lovely things, or does it speed off to the gutter of our envies, our passions, our worries ? Wherever we put our bodies,—that is a slight matter,—do we put our souls in the parks, the paradises, of God, by the banks of the river of life ? Are not we, as sadly as the children and parents of the slums, wedded to our alleyways ?

Studies in the Art of Illustration

THE OVERFLOW

I WAS looking one day at one of those oil wells that had ceased to be a gusher and was merely dribbling along at the rate of perhaps a barrel a day. But they kept it open, and day and night the steam-engine in its little house was chugging back and forth, in spite of its small yield. They explained why this was. It was because this well was used to run another well farther down the street.

**Illustrating
a Full Use
of Life**

It seems that oil is not the only product of an oil well. Gas is given off as well as oil. Indeed, as the flow of oil grows less, I believe the flow of gas grows greater. They collect the gas as it rises in the tube, and they use it to make steam in the engines, so that an oil well pumps itself dry and even furnishes power to pump its neighbors dry, and all with one of its by-products, its extras.

A good illustration, I thought, of the difference between success and failure in a man's work, and the cause thereof! One man gets out of life and opportunity what he can get easily and without troubling himself; the other man drains them dry of power and advantage. One man works during regular hours and has no thought of work during the odd minutes. The other man makes those odd minutes a perfect mine of wealth and honor. One man gets out of his situation "all there is in it." The other gives his situation all there is in him. One man looks after the details of his life—his food, his sleep, his exercise, his clothes,

Caroline's Rowing

and learns how in each particular he can best fit himself for his work. The other eats what he chances to like, goes to bed at eight or at twelve, dresses hit-or-miss, and exercises only when he gets interested in a game.

There is no success, in an oil well or a life, apart from trifles. And to him who will properly use trifles, there is in all the world nothing but success.

CAROLINE'S ROWING

WE were out on a picnic down on Buzzard's Bay, where the Atlantic is tamed to a gentle beauty and enriched to a perfect blue, where the breezes are always cool, and the water generally warm. It was in the midst of this paradise that we were having a clambake.

**Illustrating
the Basis
of Praise**

Clambake over, we took to the boats for a little exercise, and then it was that my nose got out of joint. For I was rowing rather smartly, and wanted to make some impression upon the young ladies with my ability as an oarsman; but in an evil minute I took into my skiff my little daughter Caroline.

Now Caroline, ambitious midget as she is, always teases to row when she gets into papa's skiff, so nothing would do but she must have a seat and a pair of oars to herself.

The oars were monsters—those great rough oars they have at the seaside. The row-locks were also big and yawned wide open. The skiff was heavy and clumsy. Caroline's pudgy little hands could not

Studies in the Art of Illustration

quite clasp the handles of the oars, but they made as much of a circumference as they could, and she braced herself to the task.

I will not deny that she rowed very well. Of course she caught a crab now and then. Of course I, sitting behind, had to watch sharp to keep my oars out of her way. Of course the boat took anything but a straight route. Yet the small back bent in perfect time, and the little hands on the big oars came around without knocking together, and the oars dipped to the right depth and came up neatly out of the deep. It was quite fair—for a beginner.

But how those folks praised her! You would have thought she was the stroke of a victorious crew at Harvard or Yale! "How well Caroline rows!" "Isn't she a little sailor!" "Bravo, Caroline!" That is the way it went. And about her daddy's rowing—not a syllable!

Well, after all, I suppose they are right, and my vanity must get used to many such twinges in the coming days. For Caroline is little, and I am big. I really do not believe, for my six feet two, I rowed as well as she, for her thirty-six inches. The world is a just world, after all. It measures out its praise pretty fairly, not according to what is done, but according to the ratio between achievement and power.

"She hath done what she could"—that was also the Master's basis of praise.

To get some of Caroline's applause, I perceive that I also must tackle oars my hands cannot clasp, and bend to some such boat as carried the Argonauts.

Rejected Manuscripts

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS

I HAD a call one day from William F. Gibbons, whose first book, "Black Diamond Men," had a sale of more than fifty thousand copies within two months.

**Illustration of
Persistence**

In the course of our conversation, he confided to me a delightful bit of literary history. He told me that, being out of scribbling paper, he had written the first chapter of this successful book—the book is a series of disconnected sketches, though the same general theme runs through them all—upon the backs of printed rejection blanks that editors had used in returning to him the various other chapters of the book rejected from their respective periodicals! There is not one of those periodicals now, it is safe to say, that would not pay well for the right to publish a sketch from his pen.

On the other hand, I was talking a few weeks ago with a talented lady who had done some excellent literary work. A very little of it had appeared in print, but she had on hand a melancholy pile of manuscripts. These manuscripts are little soiled, for each of them has visited only a single editor. When he sent it back the dismayed writer thought that it was useless to proceed further. It was a rejected manuscript, and there was no hope for it in the world.

My own practice, I told her, in the days when I was on the skirmish line, was to keep a manuscript going till it was worn out; then copy it, and begin again. More than once I have had a story or a poem

Studies in the Art of Illustration

accepted on the tenth trial by a better periodical than any that had rejected it. Safe rules are these: If you do not think it good, do not send it out. If you do think it good, keep on sending it out until you are forced to reverse your judgment!

Well, comparatively few of my indulgent readers produce manuscripts to be rejected—possibly nowadays not more than one in two! but all of us have rejected plans, all of us have cherished hopes, “respectfully submitted,” and received back again with some curt slip: “Unavailable.” What are we to do with these?

Do with them? Send them out again! Wrap them in the envelope of good cheer! Seal them with the mucilage of perseverance! Affix the postage-stamp of faith! Do it over and over again! And some day—unless, of course, your plan and hope are contrary to God’s will, in which case you do not *want* them to succeed—some day you will take from the office a delightfully *thin* envelope. You will open it with a flush at your heart. You will pick out of it a bit of yellow paper, and it will read, “Pay to John Smith——,” or whatever your name is. For your manuscript has been accepted!

“Do You Get Him?”

“DO YOU GET HIM?”

EVERY one that uses the telephone frequently has often a great deal of difficulty in “getting him.” You will summon Central. “What number?” You will give the number, and Central will repeat it—in one syllable, like t’s’e’t’, which means 272.

Illustration of
the Reaching
of Hearts

Then you will wait.

It is a rather soothing hum, the multiform buzz of a telephone-wire. It is not unpleasant at first, especially if you are of a somewhat poetical turn, and like to stand at this focus of life. But after a while it becomes a little monotonous.

You summon Central again. “Did you give me two-seven-two?” “Yes-don’t-you-get-him?” all in one word. “No. Ring him up again, please.”

The second ringing-up goes off in your ears like a volley of pistol-shots. Then silence. More meditation at the focus of human interest. Then renewed impatience about getting at the particular human interest that brought you to the telephone.

A third summons to Central. “What-don’t-you-get-’im-yet? Sure-y’-gave-me-th’-right-numb’r?” Yes, you are sure. “Please ring him up once more. Two-seven-two, Main.”

And this time, probably after a few seconds of that soothing hum, there is a welcome click. and the voice you have been waiting for cries, “Hello!” You have got him.

This little comedy, enacted daily at every telephone,

Studies in the Art of Illustration

is repeated in more mischievous ways at a thousand turns in life.

Here is a workman who every day "rings up" his employer a thousand times, and never once gets him; never once, that is, gets into real contact with his employer, into that vital "Hello" contact that signifies the meeting of man and man.

Here is a preacher that fifty-two times a year, not to say one hundred and four or one hundred and fifty-six, stands before his people and pours words into the receivers of their ears. But he does not once get them. Not once does he hear their glad "Hello." Not once has he enjoyed that electric contact of soul with soul which is the preacher's chief joy and the witness of success in his high calling.

Here is a Christian who goes through the world doing his duty in a conscientious way, attending every meeting, speaking in the prayer-meeting, giving to every collection, a model of the exterior performance of religious obligations. But some way he does not get them. Eyes do not light up at sight of him. Hearts do not pour out their sorrows and their joys to him. The telephone of the world is to him only a dull, empty, meaningless hum.

Brethren, what is the use of a telephone unless you get him? And what is the use of living unless you come into living contact with other lives?

And how to do it? There is only one way. Call up Central. Yes, again and again.

War Lung

WAR LUNG

ONE notices many queer things in walking around a city. I remember that during the Spanish-American War I saw on Derne Street, back of the Massachusetts Capitol, the sign of a Chinese laundryman that I have not forgotten. It was this:

Illustration of
Pugnacity

WAR LUNG.

A sign more incongruous with the mild Celestial within, it would be hard to find, and he surely was named on the principle of opposites. I could not but wish, as I passed on with a smile, that his name had been bestowed upon some of the vociferous statesmen in Washington and some of the bloody-shirt newspaper editors in New York.

Indeed, I know several men who ought to be called "War Lung." They always come around with chips on their shoulders. Whatever opinion is expressed, they are belligerently on the opposite side. Whatever scheme is proposed they decidedly object to. They are the one man that keeps the jury out till two o'clock in the morning, the one man on a committee that brings in a minority report, the one man in the meeting that refuses to make it unanimous.

Every one else is praising the sermon, but War Lung says, "Bosh! Simply a rehash of Horace Bushnell."

Every speech in the prayer-meeting carries on the

Studies in the Art of Illustration

thought outlined by the leader, but War Lung gets up and is "sorry to appear critical, but are the brethren prepared to assent to the position taken by our dear friend, the leader"—etc.

Every one else in the room has spoken in praise of some absent person, but War Lung croaks out: "There is, I regret to say, gentlemen, a side to his character with which you do not seem to be acquainted, namely"—.

My celestial friend, War Lung of Derne Street, was engaged in washing dirty linen. These other War Lungs, who are anything but celestial, also have to do with dirty linen; but it is not to make it clean—O no!—but to parade it. And if ever pneumonia were well bestowed, it would be in the plugging up of such lungs till they learned a better employment.

THE DIFFICULTY OF A FRONT LAWN

DURING most of my life I have lived in the beautiful blue-grass region that stretches from the Blue Grass State of Kentucky up into Ohio.

**Illustration
of Neglected
Lives**

Until I moved to Massachusetts I never knew how to appreciate grass. But now, oh, the lovely blue-grass country! Oh, the long, delicate blades, so thickly set together, so fresh, so luxuriant, so dependable! What a pleasure it would be to run a lawn-mower once more in those Buck-eye fields,

"With the blue grass growing all around, all around,
With the blue grass growing all around."

The Difficulty of a Front Lawn

For now I live on a gravel bank in rock-ribbed New England. The lady from whose husband I bought the house told me before I bought it that it would be much easier and cheaper to carpet the front yard with Turkish rugs than try to grow grass there. I have found that to be the literal truth.

Year after year the grass has degenerated. A year ago the man whom I would get to cut the grass would look sarcastically at me and inquire, "Where is it?" My front lawn is now a botanical museum, with samples of almost every plant except the proper grass, though there *is* wire grass in vicious abundance. But daisies and dandelions, buttercups and wild strawberries, and especially moss, have made it their own. I asked a professional the other day to look over those few square feet and estimate the cost of transforming them into smooth green turf, and he figured it at two hundred dollars. I must dig up the gravel to the hard-pan, I must cart in some hundred loads of good loam. I must sow clean grass seed of a good variety. I must weed. I must cut. I must water. I must roll. I must enrich the soil to replace what the millions of little roots take from it. And if I do all this, and keep doing all this, I will get and keep a good lawn. Not otherwise.

It is a parable, is it not? of what is happening all around us in numberless lives. What is the age at which the boys and girls drop out of our Sunday-schools and fall away from the influences of our Christian homes? Whatever the age, it is when they are left alone, just as for the past few years I have

Studies in the Art of Illustration

been leaving my front yard alone, expecting it to run itself, like a blue-grass lawn in Ohio. The Christian Endeavorers have lost their grip on them. So has their Sunday-school teacher. So has their pastor. So have their father and mother. The good soil is washed away by the cold rains. Good grass changes to wire grass. The seeds of a thousand weeds find lodgment. Before long there is nothing but an unsightly expanse of dirt and stones and ragged plants—wild oats in very sooth. And we must tear up the soil. We must entirely reconstruct the lawn. At the cost of no one knows how many revivals, how many heartaches, how much pleading, how many agonized prayers, how many failures and tears, we must try to make these poor barren lives over again into gardens of the Lord.

And it would have been so much better to have kept on caring for them all along !

WHEN GUSHERS CEASE TO GUSH

WHEN I was at Sistersville, W. Va., once, I had a chance for the first time in my life to see a great oil-producing region. For miles on all sides of the city stretched out the derricks. They crowded through the valleys, they rose upon the hills, they marched in long, skeleton lines along their summits. In the city itself they were planted in almost every back yard. The entire town rung with the constant

Illustrating
Diversified
Interests

When Gushers Cease to Gush

thug, thug, thug of the pumps. It was a land flowing with petroleum, and all of it, as some one good-naturedly said, was running into John D. Rockefeller's pocket.

But that capacious pocket was not being filled very fast from Sistersville. The wells there, they told me, had largely ceased to flow, and the yield was now rather from the wells further back in the country, opened up later. The special well in somebody's back yard at which I looked most minutely was giving no more than a barrel a day. At the start, when it was a "gusher," it may have given one hundred barrels a day. Now it was a dribbler, and its gusher days were forever gone.

"But how about the prosperity of Sistersville?" I asked, for I knew that the pretty little town had grown, from the 300 credited it by the gazetteer I had consulted on starting from Boston, to the 3,000 inhabitants I found there, solely on account of this lucky find of oil. "What will be the fate of your town?" I asked.

And then they told me of glass works and other industries which they were introducing as fast as necessary to take the place of the departing gushers, to make business and maintain and enlarge the boom. There would be no backward steps in Sistersville, that was plain.

Well, I thought, here is a lesson for me. I must not depend on inspiration. Sometimes, to be sure, God gives me a regular gusher of a time—a period when the thoughts come of themselves, when my

Studies in the Art of Illustration

energies seem unlimited, and the results flow richly, a hundred barrels a day. And then—alas, for the dribbling days! The days that drag. The days of sluggish brain and drooping hands and heavy feet and languid will. The days when nothing gets done or gives promise of ever getting done any more. It is so easy for my gushers to run into such times.

I must introduce a diversity of interests. I must bring in the glass factories. I must provide for myself steady employment. I will do the work that requires inspiration when I can get the inspiration, but when I cannot get it, I must have on hand a plenty of work that does not require inspiration. Plodding work, perhaps, but work that counts. And so, when I cannot gallop, I will still keep jogging along.

Thank you, Sistersville, for the very practical lesson you have taught me.

INTERMITTENT SHINERS

I OFTEN watch the light of a certain lighthouse, as it comes flashing to me from halfway down Buzard's Bay. It is a revolving light, and like all such lights, the order and length of its pulsations tell the sailor just what light it is. First, looking in that direction, there is nothing to be seen. Slowly, then, there grows upon the sight a soft, steady light, that lasts for a moment, and then quietly disappears. There is a brief darkness, and in an instant there flames forth a brilliant flash, many times as bright as

**Illustration
of Doing
One's Best**

Intermittent Shiners

the first, but lasting only about one-sixth as long. Then follows another eclipse, and the series is repeated.

As I watch the lovely signal, I cannot help thinking about some lives I know—lives that would like, I am sure, to give out a steady light of power and helpfulness. They would like to win permanent renown, and they would like to have men look to them at all times for wisdom and guidance.

But, alas ! their lives are very intermittent. Sickness, poverty, lack of opportunity, lack of ability, these and other causes prevent the bright, steady shining of their lights. Now and then they have a chance to "show what is in them." Now and then, on some rare social occasion, perhaps, at some village entertainment, or in some emergency, they get an opportunity to shine, to delight, and to inspire. But the greater part of the time their light is hidden under a bushel—a bushel of cares or of poor health or of some other impediment.

Well, I should like to range all such folks in a line along Buzzard's Bay, and have them drink in the lesson of that lighthouse. For the lighthouse would be useless, or next to useless, if its light were a steady one. The unsteadiness of it, its irregular and intermittent character, is what gives it its chief value, and enables sailors to tell just what light it is and where they are. It is the darkness in its message that gives significance to the brightness of it.

And God knows best about lives. There is a lighthouse board up in heaven that is wiser than any in

Studies in the Art of Illustration

our naval department at Washington. It knows well how brightly a small light shines against a great darkness. It knows well how stupid and meaningless the world would be if it were filled with the same kind of people. It knows how to differentiate characters, and give every person his individual message. You have a message; be sure of that. Spell it out like a man, like a woman! If dark hours are a part of it, spell them out bravely and uncomplainingly. If obscurity, if few opportunities, if sickness, if poverty, are in your message, the message is all the more intricate, and the sailors on life's ocean will be studying you the more intently. Do not lead them astray by any false flash.

Let your light shine, my brother, my sister—and be proud of just the kind of light given you. Let it so shine that men, seeing it, may glorify the Father of Lights, with whom alone is no variableness, nor shadow cast by turning.

MARK TIME—MARCH!

WHEN I was in college I used to enjoy very much the military drill. I am unable to agree with the peace advocates who urge the abolition of all such drill in our public schools and colleges on the ground that it fosters the war spirit. It did not do that for me, I can assure you, nor do I believe it did it for a single one of my schoolmates. I should as soon charge the college gymnasium with fostering a

**Illustration
of Waiting
Times in Life**

Mark Time—March!

tendency to join the circus. This college military drill was good for my body and good for my mind. It made me more attentive, more prompt, more alert, more obedient, and more self-reliant. I would rather miss any two of my studies, I think, than have missed it.

Well, I still remember my varied feelings when I learned how to march. There was one command which struck me with peculiar force, and that was "Mark time—march!" The "Mark time" was plain enough; but why the rhythmical movement of the feet, backward and forward in one place, never resting and never advancing—why that should be called a "March," I could not understand. "Mark time—Hold!" would have seemed to me a far more appropriate order.

But I have come to see the point. I have come to understand that often in life the best marching is done when we are only marking time. "They also serve who only stand and wait." They also progress who remain in the same place.

There have been times—many times—when my Commander has bidden me, "Mark time." Times of sickness, long hours upon the bed, work laid aside and even forgotten. Times of happy vacations and sometimes of compulsory vacations, those doctors'-orders vacations that are so sour at the start and so sweet at the end. Times of stupid brain or wearied brain, when the work would not budge an inch, strain against it all one might. Times of hindrances, of inopportune callers, of unexpected side demands, of

Studies in the Art of Illustration

family disasters, breaking into my work. Oh, many and many a time my Commander has called, "Mark time—march!"

And I have marked time—yes, indeed; there is no disobeying that command. But often I have wondered where the marching came in. Sometimes I have seen very soon, sometimes I have not seen for years afterward, but always I have seen. It may have been a gain in patience. Perhaps new knowledge came of my loved ones, their kindness, their sympathy, their nobility. Perhaps it was some fresh reliance upon myself. Perhaps it was a new grasp of truth, a new fellowship with God. Whatever it might be, it was always worth while, and it was always an advance. In marking time I had been marching.

So that now I have largely stopped worrying about my marching orders. A soldier's first duty is obedience, you know; not to "get there," but to obey; not to "Fix—bayonets—forward—double quick—march!" unless that is the order; to be just as ready to "mark time—march" or even "'Bout—face!" It isn't what we do—that, thank God! is for a Wiser than we to decide; but it is how we do what we are told to do.

And so let us all be good soldiers of Christ.

Those Top Boards

THOSE TOP BOARDS

NEAR my home is a high and very steep hill down which my neighbors and I must go if we would reach the railroad station by the shortest way. The hill is descended by a very narrow path that runs between two estates—so very narrow that it goes by the name of “the chicken path.” Stories are many of falls down this steep path and bumping transits to the very bottom—stories that I believe because I have experienced them.

**Illustration
of Halfway
Holiness**

Through an unorganized association among those of us that use this path, it is provided with a board walk with frequent cleats across for a foot-hold. By the same haphazard co-operation it is kept clear of snow in the winter. Also by the same fortuitous partnership the board walk is renewed from time to time.

The last time it was renewed, the work was well done under the superintendency of a retired sea captain, who believes in thoroughness and in good, honest jobs. Thick boards were used, the cleats were well nailed on, and stones were placed compactly underneath, to prevent the washing away of the ground.

But some one's thoroughness slipped up at the very top of the hill ; or perhaps it was a burst of economy. At any rate, the boards there being less worn than elsewhere, and seemingly as good as new, they were allowed to remain while the rest of the chicken path was provided with a fresh footing.

Studies in the Art of Illustration

Well, it was hardly a month before a plain difference was observable between the two sections of the walk. Within two months the upper portion began to show decay here and there. Within three months the rotten parts broke through to the ground and made dangerous foot-traps. The cleats began to break off. The nails began to stick up. The bit of the walk made all the rest look disreputable, besides being itself a constant menace to the unwary. But then, the walk had just been repaired, so that no one felt like setting to work again just for the sake of those few yards. The main portion of the walk is still sound, and will be for months to come. The upper portion is now a wreck.

Often when I go down or up the chicken path, I think of the Saviour's parable about the new wine in the old bottles, the new patch in the old garment. Oh, the fag ends of evil we allow to hang around! Oh, our foolish halfway following of Christ! How many little flaws we permit in our characters to spoil the whole! We think we have gone over to Christ's side, and so we have; but we own two or three bits of property on the devil's side, and must cross over now and then to see to them. So we live a double life, part the world's and part Christ's—or at least we try to think we are Christ's, but Christ will accept no part control. Whosoever is not for Him—wholly for Him—is against Him.

No, no! When we put on the new man, let us throw the old man altogether away! We can well afford to get rid of the world's life, though part of it

Don't Push!

does look well worth keeping. Decay is at its heart, and decay will be on its surface speedily.

DON'T PUSH!

WE were on the wharf, and the excursion steamer was slowly approaching. Various uniformed officials had taken their positions where they could most effectually stem the throng of impatient humanity. "Don't push!" they shouted, "Don't push!"

Illustration
of Selfishness

but not a whit the less they *did* push. Oh, how they pushed! Men and women, boys and girls, lunch-baskets and bicycles, all jammed in together. One thought uppermost in the minds of all—to get in the front rank, nearest the gangway. "Don't push!" the officers pleaded. "You will all get aboard. There is no hurry. Don't push!" They might as well talk to a pack of wolves. Elbows to left of us, elbows to right of us, elbows behind us, hustled and jostled.

For, you see, those officers had not told the whole truth, and we all knew it. There was a plenty of room on that boat, but not all the room was on the forward deck, nor was all the room on the shady side. There were seats enough, but there were not best seats enough. Those that hustled to the front would get comfortable places, where the breeze would play in their faces, where they could see on all sides, and where the sun would not beat upon them. Those that took their time to it, and did not push their neigh-

Studies in the Art of Illustration

bors, would have to sit where the boat rocked the most, and the engines thumped the hardest, and the sun shone the hottest, and the view was most restricted. That was why they pushed. And I—I—was first on the gangway, and got my pick of the places!

And then I began to be ashamed, and to bethink myself. "That I have this nice place is the reason why some one else hasn't it. That tired mother, perhaps, with the fretful baby. Possibly that sick-looking young man. In fact, I could not have this place except at the expense of some one else's *not* having it." I began to remember something about uppermost seats at feasts. I began to remember certain other sayings about chief places in synagogues. I was not after honor, but I was after another advantage, and the principle was the same. It was big I and little you.

And since that humiliating discovery I have been wondering whether the greater part of our worldly push is not, under whatever one of a million disguises, simply to crowd ourselves into the best places. If Christ had been getting on that boat, I am absolutely certain that He would have been the last to cross the gangway. He would have helped that tired mother to get on among the first. He would have hustled that sick young man into the very front rank. He would have aided that father with his bundles. He would have been a support to yonder old woman. And He would be found, when the boat started, down on the lower deck at the stern, talking with some of the sailors.

One Hundred and Sixty Miles

We are certain that that is precisely the way our Master would go on board a boat. Why do not we, then, get on board in the same way, and especially why do we not use the same fashion on the great sea of life? More than half the success that is so loudly applauded among men is simply successful selfishness. More than half of the fortunes that are built up are reared on others' misfortunes. The seats at the bow are very pleasant—but the price may be far too high.

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY MILES IN ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MINUTES

I WAS in a dining-car on the Baltimore and Ohio, steaming out of St. Louis, when the head waiter came chuckling up and showed me the latest copy of *The Cincinnati Enquirer*. He pointed to a paragraph which set forth how the Blue Line Limited of the day before, being behind time on that particular stretch of road, had turned on full speed and made a record. My memory for figures is a note-book memory, and I failed to note them down, but it was something like 160 miles in 150 minutes.

Illustration of
Fast
Living

“That’s travelling!” exclaimed the head waiter.

I shuddered inwardly. How well I could imagine it all! There were the swaying cars, jarring, bouncing, jolting. The bell rope was swinging as if all the fiends in Illinois were jumping rope with it. The soup was spilled at every twist. Bundles fell from the racks. Valises toppled into the aisles. Dust—a

Studies in the Art of Illustration

simoon of dust—whirled in at every cranny. There was no such thing as reading. Brains were too much trounced to think. The roar was too great for speech. The comfort, the pleasure, the employments of those hundreds of people were sacrificed on the altar of Hustle. Shake their cerebellums into jelly. Jolt their digestive organs into pandemonium. Scare the women and set the babies to crying. Wrench loose every bolt in the train. Rack every nerve in those hundreds of human bodies. What's the odds? Weren't 160 miles made in 150 minutes? And didn't the B. and O. get there on time? And didn't *The Cincinnati Enquirer* pat the achievement on the head?

Brethren, call me an old foggy, if you will, but forty miles an hour is good enough for me, on a railroad train or off it. Commend me to those institutions and those persons that never get behind hand and so never need to make up time. Commend me to the regular jog trot that pegs steadily away without fret, without dawdling. Such folks arrive on time as well as Master Gobyspurts—and with axles cool. They know that there is more worry and tear in a mile in a minute—a single mile—than in fifty miles, each done in two minutes. They know that getting there is only a part of the tale; the more important part is in what condition one gets there.

The B. and O. is a fine road. I will not deny that there was some satisfaction in knowing that it had done 160 miles in 150 minutes the day before. But I was glad that it was—the day before.

Flying Other People's Flags

FLYING OTHER PEOPLE'S FLAGS

ONCE I received a letter from Mrs. Mary D. Brine, a writer whose graceful verse and helpful prose have endeared her to hundreds of thousands of hearts. She was travelling in Europe, and my letter came from out of one of the grand Norwegian fjords. It was written on the Fourth of July, and part of the letter concerned itself with that fact.

Illustration of
Sympathy

“Early this morning, as we came on deck, our little captain cried in broken English, and with smiles beaming all over his face, ‘Good morning! Have you forgotten the day?’ We assured him that such a thing on the part of an American would not be possible, and that in our ears were ringing the sounds of cannon salutes and of firecrackers, and of torpedo after torpedo which our patriotic American small boys were sure to handle skilfully. He laughingly pointed to the rigging, and there we beheld a long string of flags of all nations waving in the air, and *led by our own American flag*. From the very top of the string *our* glorious banner streamed out over the waters of Norway, and sang in the breezes its own song of the ‘Land of the free and the home of the brave.’ ‘For the Americans’ great day!’ said the captain. And we—the only Americans on board—gave him a true American round of thanks, and repeated them when presently there rang out several real American gun salutes from the upper deck, and the captain explained that it was another salute to our Fourth of July.”

Studies in the Art of Illustration

Wasn't that fine? And don't we all feel like lifting our caps to that Norwegian captain, and giving him a three times three and a tiger?

Now if that was a splendid thing for him to do, why wouldn't it be a splendid thing for us to do also? There is not enough of this flying of other people's flags. There is your Irish servant girl. If I could not find that green flag with the harp on it next St. Patrick's day, I declare I believe I'd get a yard of green *anything* at the dry-goods store and display it over the porch. There is your neighbor who was born in Canada, and is still loyal to the King. I would manage to delight his eyes next Dominion Day with a sight of the brilliant British banner, with the double cross, flying in the place of honor from my flagstaff.

But I do not mean to confine the thought to a yard of cloth. For instance, at my last birthday (I won't say how the birthday was numbered!) there was a ring at my front door, and in walked a dish of great red apples, sent by a gentleman to whom I had never made a present in my life, and whose knowledge of when my birthday came was a complete and happy surprise to me. And again, not long ago, our church was fifty years old, and what do you think the Methodists did? They sent us a magnificent bouquet of fifty superb roses, and you should have heard the speech of the Methodist minister as he presented them!

That is the sort of thing I mean. Keeping track of folks; living in other folks' lives; finding out their sentiments, so that if there is a victory for the refer-

“Bon Voyage”

endum anywhere, you can rejoice with Dr. Brown whose hobby is the referendum; or if woman's suffrage gets a lift, you can compliment Mrs. Jones, an ardent woman's suffragist. I mean observing old folks' birthdays, though only by extra flowers on the table. I mean remembering in some tenderly helpful way the anniversaries of deaths. It is that sort of thing.

I lived for some time with my wife before I discovered one of the best things about her. It is a little birthday book in which she carefully records the birthdays of all babies she can hear about. And then, every year or so, those babies hear from her.

God bless my wife, I say, and every one that is like her!

“BON VOYAGE”

I REMEMBER reading an interesting article in which the writer contrasted the street habits of Americans and Frenchmen, quite to the disadvantage of the former. Especially did the writer criticise the discourtesy and selfishness so often witnessed upon our thoroughfares, and painted a pleasant picture of the reverse in Paris.

Illustration of
Brotherhood

For example, take the disgusting crowding that has become the custom in our street-cars. We squeeze ourselves in without regard for decency, comfort, or politeness. We push, and nudge, and jerk, and step on people's toes, and look daggers at their backs, and

Studies in the Art of Illustration

if they are obliged to crowd past us in order to get out at the proper place, we yield not an inch of the passageway.

In Paris, on the contrary, there is a stringent law forbidding the omnibuses to carry more passengers than there are seats. When an omnibus is full, the conductor hangs up a little sign that says "Complet." After an omnibus is "complet," not even the Emperor of Russia can get a seat in it, nor will it stop at the beckoning of a Rothschild. Moreover, at the starting-point of an omnibus line, as I have found to my annoyance—even there due decorum must be observed, and as you come up to the corner you receive a little ticket with a number on it. Then as the coach arrives, the conductor calls out the numbers, and you choose your seats in the order of your tickets.

The writer whom I have mentioned declares that often he has seen a man, evidently in a hurry, try to board a Parisian omnibus without observing that all the places are filled, and then, prevented in this design, he has seen him swing his hat and gracefully bow to the departing vehicle, shouting as he did so, "Bon voyage!" "Good-bye, and a pleasant journey to you!" Now that would not be likely to happen in America.

But isn't it the spirit we especially need to cultivate in these rushing, hurrying times? Where there is so much fierce competition, some one—many some ones—must be left behind. Well, let them raise their hats and cry, "Bon voyage! God bless you, brothers, and give you joy of your goal!" Not every workman

“Dealer in Anything and Everything”

can become superintendent, not every reporter can rise to the desk of the editor-in-chief, not every poor boy can get to be a Carnegie. Well, workman, reporter, poor boy, whoever you are, pluck up a good heart, make your best bow, and shout your cheeriest “Bon voyage !”

For life is short, after all, and it makes little difference whether we ride in the coach or trudge afoot. The same ferryman will come for all, and all will have the same dark river to cross. On the other side, I fancy, the advantage will, at least, not be against the brave fellows who knew how, in the midst of failure and disappointment and chagrin, to make a gallant flourish and carol forth their “Bon voyage !”

“DEALER IN ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING”

WHEN I was in Oxford, England, (My ! How I like to say, “When I was in Oxford, England” !) I saw on High Street a sign that tickled me immensely. It was this :

T. BOFFIN.

Illustrating
too Much
Versatility

DEALER IN ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING.

I did not go into the shop, for I was with a crowd of impatient sightseers, and one never can really see sights when one is with such a crowd. It is one of my many travel regrets that I did not go into that shop. Undoubtedly the Old Curiosity Shop would have been cast into the shade by its picturesque miscellaneousness. I can imagine how souvenirs and

Studies in the Art of Illustration

penny dreadfuls and candy and vases and neckties and newspapers and fruit and hardware were all jumbled together.

But even without a visit to the shop's interior, that pretentious sign has remained with me. For, with a sign that not even Wanamaker would have dared to use, the shop was a very little shop—one room, I believe, and a small one at that. Yet the proprietor was "Dealer in Anything and Everything."

Ah, "T. Boffin," you are one of a very large family! I number not a few of your brothers among my personal acquaintances. Indeed, I am not at all sure but I am myself distantly related to you!

Jacks-at-all-trades-and-masters-of-none are we, T. Boffin and Co. "Anything and Everything" is our motto. Now it is a sonnet and now a potato patch. Now it is amateur photography and now the flute. Now it is Grecian history and now Sherlock Holmes. Now it is sketching and now horseback-riding. Now we are teaching school and now preparing for the ministry, and now we have made up our minds to be a doctor. People call us "versatile," which is next door to hanging us.

For these Boffins do sit in such small shops! The great men of the world are those that say, "This one thing I do." "This one thing I sell—dry goods, or beef, or books." "This one thing I teach—Latin, or English grammar, or music." "This one thing I adopt for my avocation—painting, or poetry, or stamp-collecting." They deal in one thing alone, or, at the most, in two.

Frog Showers

And, on the whole, I have observed that the larger stock a man carries, the smaller sign he puts out. That's queer, isn't it?

FROG SHOWERS

ONE summer from several parts of the country there came reports of showers of frogs. In every case of such reports—and many similar events have been chronicled—the explanation is probably quite simple. Of course sometimes a strong wind will catch up from the ponds and marshes young frogs and tadpoles and even fishes, and drop them upon distant and wondering regions. In most cases, however, the frogs seen in so great numbers after a storm were in the neighborhood before the coming of the rain. There has been a long drought. The water has disappeared, and the frogs, being able to breathe in the air, and needing also that their skin should be kept moist, crawl under stones or into the matted grass, and lie hidden for days in those damp spots, waiting for the coming shower. With the first fall of the welcome drops, out come the delighted batrachians, and folks think they have fallen from the skies.

Illustration
of Croaking

Now it is just that way with all croakers. In fair weather, and especially during a long season of sunshine, you do not hear a sound from them, nor catch a glimpse of their slimy forms. But when the clouds come, when the heavens begin to weep, out they jump hilarious. Hear them croak: "The preachers have sold their souls to the Higher Criticism!" "The

Studies in the Art of Illustration

church is going to the dogs ! ” “ The Sunday-school is losing its hold ! ” “ The Christian Endeavor society is on its last legs ! ” “ The politicians are all dishonest ! ” “ Our country is on the road to ruin ! ” “ Gl-gl-gl-glo-o-o-m ! Gr—gr—gr— ! ”

Does any one fancy that this is a voice from heaven ? Does any one think that these croakers have fallen from the skies ? No, no ! They were with us all the time.

THE CONQUEST OF CONTEMPT

I LIKE very much something I have just read about Ralph Waldo Emerson. A good many years ago, when Emerson's philosophy was new and startling, a young theological student happened to preach in a town where a few days before Emerson had delivered one of his lectures. The young preacher took the opportunity to inveigh against what he called “ the foolish utterances of Mr. Emerson in his recent lecture.” In later years he came to see that the utterances to which he objected were very sensible, but that was what he did not hesitate to call them then.

Just as he reached this point, he chanced to discover right in front of him the Concord philosopher himself, who had remained in town with a friend for a few days' rest. His face was lighted up with a kindly smile, and the student, who was reading his sermon, was able to stumble on to the close.

The next day Mr. Emerson and the unfortunate young preacher took the same train away from town,

The Parable of a Gangplank

and Emerson invited the student to sit with him. The young man's embarrassment was driven away by Emerson's brilliant conversation, and the time passed rapidly till the student's home was reached. No allusion was made to the sermon of the day before till Mr. Emerson's parting words, as he said, with a hearty pressure of the hand and a gracious smile, "I had the pleasure of hearing you preach yesterday."

Whatever we may think of the teachings of Emerson,—and of course with many of them I am at the most complete variance,—no one can help admiring his beautiful spirit. He set us a rare example in his ability to live the impersonal life and let his utterances stand on their own feet, absolutely divorcing them from selfish, egotistic considerations. The best proof of nobility is to pay no attention to false charges of ignobility. "A soft answer turneth away"—contempt. Taking up a quarrel is like taking up a note—you must pay for it. The best way to "nurse your wrath" is to put it so soundly to sleep that it will not wake up again.

THE PARABLE OF A GANGPLANK

It was on a delightful excursion—a moonlight excursion up the Mississippi River from Quincy, Ill. We had moved majestically up the broad stream, a mighty lake a mile wide—and we had reached the pretty college town of Canton, where we were to stretch our legs on shore a while.

**Illustration of
Work That
Goes Smoothly**

I watched from the upper deck the operation of

Studies in the Art of Illustration

shoving out the gangplank. It was done with remarkable ease. The bow was pushed up on shore, and the gangplank which projected from it was lowered swiftly by machinery till it rested on the bank. A single deck-hand, running along it, dropped on shore, and guided it with one hand to the proper position. Then we rushed over it to get acquainted with the Missourians.

“In the old days,” said a gentleman who stood by my side watching the proceeding, “to lower that gangplank would have required a dozen deck-hands, panting, pushing, pulling, perspiring, while the mate would roar out a continuous volley of oaths, and the whole shipload would be thrown into a turmoil over the proceeding. Now it is only the quiet paying out of a chain by a steam-engine.”

The change, I think, is an example of many things which used to be done by muscle and are now done by mind, and I fell to thinking about the deck-hand habits of our lives which we ought to supplant as soon as possible by the smooth running of brain machinery.

To show what I mean, take the case of a friend of mine who used to have a terrible time whenever he had to make a speech of any kind. He would fret and fume and fairly get sick over the preparation and the worry. Writing, committing to memory, rehearsing, filled his waking hours, and nightmares of a horrible collapse filled his hours of sleep. When the day came, his face was pale, his hands were clammy, his heart was palpitant. Once before his audience, his voice trembled, his eye was restless, he delivered his

The Difference the Tide Made

speech in an evident frenzy of anxiety which was as painful to the audience as to him. After he was through he bored every one by asking whether he was heard, whether his voice was clear, and whether, on the whole, he had got along all right. It was a bad case of deck-hand gangplank.

But now his speech-making runs as if by machinery. He does his thinking no one knows when. He does his writing in a business-like way that finishes the task before folks realize that it is begun. He fixes his points in his head, and clinches them, and is so sure they are there that he can go off and leave them alone. He enjoys—actually enjoys—the speech that comes just before his. When he rises before the audience, he impresses them as a person with something on his mind he really wants to say to them. And after it is all over—you would never know that he had made a speech at all. That is the way they lower gangplanks on the Mississippi nowadays.

I wonder if we could not run all our work by modern machinery. I think we could.

THE DIFFERENCE THE TIDE MADE

I HAD an experience the other day under a bridge. It was a bridge over a tidal river running into—and out of—Buzzard's Bay. A few hours before, my boat had shot under the bridge with the speed of an arrow, borne on the rush of the incoming tide. No oars were necessary to keep the boat in the

**Illustration of
Opposition to
God's Will**

Studies in the Art of Illustration

middle of the current, and away from the rocks. But as I went to return, twelve hours later, things had changed.

The river had changed. It was an incoming tide once more. And my relation to the river had changed. Then I was with it, now I was against it.

And dear me, what a tug it was! Bend to the oars, pull frantically for ten minutes, and lo, I was opposite precisely the same boulder on the shore as when I began! Turn to the quiet waters along the bank and row up to the bridge, then dart into those rushing waters and—pff!—they catch the boat and whirl it around like a cork and send it back where it came from. The incoming tide was swift as any mill race, and the usually silent river was noisy in its turbulence.

After many vain attempts, we took the long anchor rope—my friend and I—and tied it to the further end of the bridge, floated the loose end through, tied the boat to it, and by dint of much pulling and boot-soaking and arm-straining, got the skiff ingloriously through and made our difficult way up the still hostile river on the other side and so out into the bay.

But I had earned a lesson—bought it with an aching back and blistered hands. And the lesson was this:—

There is a tide in all the affairs of men. It is the great current of God's will. It does not rise and fall like the ocean's tides. It sets always in the same direction, and it moves with steady force.

It flows, I say, through everything. The ancient

The Difference the Tide Made

Greeks had a philosophy whose central maxim was, "All things are flux"; that is, there is in all the universe no such thing as rest. Everything is in constant motion. Modern science has come to the proof of this old philosophy. It shows that there is no stone, however solid and stolid it appears, but its particles (could some powerful microscope disclose them) are whirling in wonderful orbits in and out among themselves, with chasms between like the interstellar spaces. The massive globe to its ultimate atom is in continual movement, and that movement is its life.

And it is precisely thus, as I have said, with the higher universe of mind. Through it all flow the tidal currents of God's providence. We may move with it, and our boats glide along without our effort. We lay our hands to the oars, and every stroke tells grandly. We are in perfect control of the boat, and can turn it this side or that with a touch. Oh, it is glorious, rowing with the tide!

But once in a while—foolishly enough, for no worthy goal lies that way—we turn against the tide. At once our swift speed changes to a snail's pace. At once our easy control of the boat has become a difficult one. At once the way grows hard and fierce and desperate. By this device and that, we manage to get along, but ingloriously enough. Oh, but it is hard work, rowing against the tide!

And I won't try to do it—in my spiritual life—any more.

Studies in the Art of Illustration

"FORCE"

WHAT a stroke of genius is that name, "Force!" "Uneeda" was bright, but as for "Force," we all know that we need *it*, without being told. The first time I saw that big advertisement of this cereal breakfast food, I knew it was something I wanted.

Illustrating
the Secret
of Power

My judgment was confirmed when I tasted the crisp flakes. But even if the food had not been appetizing, I think I must have kept on eating it; for who could resist that name?

Ah, that is what the great world needs—Force. Good intentions amount to little. Fine ideas will not go far. A desire is a legless creature. We speak of "winged ambitions," but if ambition has any wings, they are like the ridiculous feathered tufts of the ostrich. A plan has no motor arrangements. All of these that so often are mistaken for achievements and complacently hugged to our hearts as heroic deeds are no deeds at all. They are inert—without force. Nay, without force they are dead.

How can we get this force that will vitalize our methods, and run a backbone through our ambitions, and put a steam-engine in front of our good intentions? How?

If those delicious cereal flakes could produce this kind of force, the grocers would speedily be overwhelmed with orders. Is it inborn? Must a man with no "natural force" despair of attaining it? Or can it be implanted in the soul and cultivated there?

“Out of Sorts”

The seed is already in every human breast, for every impulse or desire is a seed of force. And it can be cultivated. Indeed, the cultivation of force is the essence of all cultivation in the world, of all kinds.

And the way to cultivate force is simple: Just do things! Do not hesitate, waiting for some great thing to do, but “do the next thing.” Do not wait till you can do it perfectly, but do it. Do not tarry for others to help you, but do it. Do not postpone for another day, but do it. If you want to be a man of force, do not think about being one—just do things, and you will be one. Power to do comes by doing. It comes in no other way. It does not come by wishing, nor by theorizing, nor by planning, but just by doing. The only way to get force is to use it.

Here we meet a striking contrast, or the grocer would not so often receive my twelve cents for the bulky yellow package!

“OUT OF SORTS”

WHEN a printer says he is “out of sorts,” sometimes he means what the rest of us mean by that expression, and sometimes he means a quite different thing. For to a printer the words, “out of sorts,” may signify that his type cases have run out of h’s, for instance, or capital T’s. Then some other letter of the same width has to be substituted for the h’s or T’s until a fresh supply can be obtained or the desired letters can be “pulled” from matter on the “dead

Illustrating
Mental
Depression

Studies in the Art of Illustration

stone," that is, matter already used and ready to be distributed back into the cases.

This printer's use of the term "out of sorts" is, after all, not very far away from our ordinary use of it. For when a man is "out of sorts," in the sense of gloomy, moody, glum, it is because he is "out of sorts" in the printer's sense; that is, it is because he lacks some of the elements that should be found in the make-up of his life—some boxes of his life's type cases are empty.

He may have run out of health. Probably more people are "out of sorts" because they are out of health than for any other reason, and not every one recognizes this cause of moodiness in one's self or others, because being "out of sorts" is almost the very first symptom of being out of health. So if you are "out of sorts," it would be well to look first to your stomach or your liver or your eyes or your teeth or some other part of your wonderful body that you may be abusing.

But being "out of sorts" may be caused by being "out of patience." When a man's supply of patience runs out, he cannot "set up" properly a single line of his life.

Or, being "out of sorts" may signify being "out of sympathy" with some person, or with your task, or with some other factor of your life. Or it may spring from being "out of touch" with your surroundings, your friends, your employers, your employees. More than likely it is because you are "out of touch" with God.

The Usefulness of Uniforms

There is always a reason for it when you are "out of sorts." The printer knows at once just what is wanted, and he sends to the type foundry and gets it. He knows that it is useless to go on much further with his typesetting till he has obtained a supply of the missing letter. Let us come to the same sensible conclusion in our lives. Being "out of sorts" is always a serious symptom. It will never right itself. Nothing will right it but the discovery of the lack, whatever it may be, and the supply of the lack, whether it is a lack of health, of patience and sympathy, or of a closer touch with other people or with God. Never acquiesce for an hour in that miserable condition, being "out of sorts."

THE USEFULNESS OF UNIFORMS

Do you remember when Colonel Waring put the New York force of street-cleaners in white uniforms? Certain papers made much fun of it, but it is recognized now by every one that the efficiency of those workers was vastly increased by the step. The whiteness of their suits was a constant reminder, to them and to others, of the beautiful errand of cleanliness upon which they were daily sent forth. The uniform was also an emblem to them of the great organization of which they were each a part. Nothing must be done that would bring disgrace upon it.

Illustration of
Joining the
Church

Studies in the Art of Illustration

None of them was his own. The honor of the force and of the city was embodied in that uniform.

The uniform stood also for authority. In the matter of cleanliness his word was law, because of the uniform. The power and sway of the metropolis—to a very slight extent, but still to a very real degree—was vested in him.

The fact of all this was so manifest that other cities soon caught up the idea, and white is now the recognized uniform of a street-cleaner everywhere.

Uniforms upon railway conductors and brakemen accomplished wonders for that service. We all remember when they were introduced, especially in the West. I shall not forget how much straighter our local conductor stood the day when he first donned the blue uniform with the brass buttons.

Such considerations as these have led to the uniforming of elevator men, messenger boys, janitors, watchmen, firemen, policemen, the Salvation Army, the Volunteers of America. In many restaurants and hotels the waiters—men or women—must wear a uniform. Hospital nurses must be dressed in a prescribed garb. Students everywhere are taking to the cap and gown. Indeed, there is no end to the wise application of the principle.

I wonder if you have seen what I have been driving at. It is this: Join the church! Become a Christian in uniform!

I suppose there are Christians out of the church, though how they can be Christians very long and refuse to confess Christ before men in the best and most

The Usefulness of Uniforms

effective way, I don't see. But these Christians out of the church are about as useful as the independent camp-followers are to an army when a battle is on.

Church-membership means very much what the uniform means to a soldier. It is a recognition of allegiance. It is a proclamation of loyalty. It is an assumption of responsibility. It is a badge of authority and power. Every act of a church-member is an honor or a disgrace to the cause of Christ, just as every deed of a soldier is an honor or a disgrace to the army. The church-member is under authority. He can be commanded hither and thither. He is a part of a force to be depended on. He is proud of his association, of his commission, of the authority vested in him. He is more than himself, he is the Kingdom. For has he not assumed the Kingdom's uniform? And you that are trying to make yourselves and others believe that you can be as good a Christian outside the church as in it, ask yourselves honestly whether you could be as useful a letter-carrier in ordinary attire as in the uniform of Uncle Sam, whether you could collect fares as well on a street-car if you wore clothes like your passengers, whether you could keep as good order in the streets if you were a policeman in citizen's attire. When you have honestly answered these questions, and manfully applied the analogy, you will need no further argument to convince you that if you really do love Christ, and actually seek the progress of His cause, you will put on His uniform, you will join His church.

Studies in the Art of Illustration

MY SAFETY RAZOR

My safety razor has become one of my articles of faith. With its kindly assistance I can run over my facial stubble almost as rapidly as I could cover the same space on my lawn with the lawn-mower. I can easily shut my eyes and do it. I can do it with the grain or against it. I can do it, if necessary, standing on my head. I can even do it when I am in a hurry, and my wife is waiting. I can do it on an express train jerking through the mountains. I can do it on a ship in a storm. And I can do all this without losing a drop of blood or a particle of temper.

**Illustration of
Familiarity
With Evil**

But I have just come to grief. On my placid countenance may be observed a bloody scar. It is long and it is ugly. I made it. With my safety razor.

For it is a mistake to think that a safety razor cannot cut the skin. It would as lief cut the skin as the beard, if the former gets in its way. Use the razor as a razor should be used, scraping up or down or sideways, and I will defy you to cut yourself with it. But use it as I in my reckless confidence used it this morning, and it will cut. I have proved it. I cannot describe just how it is done except to say that it is a movement at right angles to the handle of the razor, and lengthwise with its blade, that draws the blood. If you care for an illustration, I will take pleasure in showing you on your own cuticle. But for the present suffice it to say that even a safety razor is not absolutely safe.

The Helpfulness of Mud

Indeed, I know of no exception to the shrewd old proverb that warns folks against playing with edge-tools. A sharp tongue, a talent for sarcasm, a gift for seeing one's neighbor's faults, a liking for a certain alluring vice, these things, and such as these, though they are very sharp-edged tools, may be guarded by all kind of protecting devices—by religion, by philosophy, by prudence, by the customs of society, by stern self-control, and a man may feel that he is safe against them. But no; they are edged tools, and there is nothing discriminating about them. If they can cut anything, they can cut you. If you use them at all, use them as edged tools, and not as rolling-pins.

THE HELPFULNESS OF MUD

OBSERVANT people in London have noticed that there is a close connection between the muddiness of the streets of the metropolis and the prevalence of disease. There is far more sickness when the dust is blowing than during muddy weather, in spite of the disagreeable fog and rain. Of course the explanation had to do with germs. Everything nowadays, you know, has to do with germs. It seems that the troublesome microbes, that are rapidly getting to the bottom of all human ills, are flying around at their own sweet will when the air is laden with dust; but mud imprisons them, for mud cannot be blown about up into our houses and into our windpipes.

Illustration of
a Peaceful
Life

Studies in the Art of Illustration

Now here is another argument in favor of a quiet life! I care more for that than for the physiological application. These hustling, bustling, rustling fellows, that go around making a great stir and kicking up the dust, are allies of the microbes, and should be boycotted with them. Let sleeping dogs lie—and somnolent bacteria. That express train would not be in such a hurry if it had to swallow the dust it hurls up behind it. "Consume your own smoke!" was Carlyle's injunction—an exhortation most poorly practised by himself. Walk quietly through life. If you cannot do things without making yourself a nuisance to other people, do not do things; but you can. Distil in your life the gentle, gracious dew of peace that will bind together into a fruitful soil your thoughts, your words, and your deeds. Do not permit any part of your life to fly off, a choking, annoying, hindering dust-cloud, into the lives around you.

WHY THEY KEEP UP THE DERRICKS

I WAS in West Virginia one day, looking over the oil wells that have sprung up so quickly along the Ohio River, and I learned for the first time why, after an oil well has been dug, the tall derrick which was built for hoisting up and down the long drill is still kept in place. It is for the sake of frequent cleaning. The pipes soon become filled with a black, pasty mass, which clogs up the well and prevents the

Illustration of
Rest Days

Why They Keep up the Derricks

flow of the oil. Section by section, therefore, up through the derrick, the long line of tubing must be hoisted, and thoroughly cleaned.

It is a parable—is it not?—of our Sundays and vacations. How rapidly the wells of our lives fill up! What heavy, black sediment is deposited there! How our tools get clogged, and the tubes of our employment, so that our thoughts can no longer flow freely, nor our wills move with power along their channels of action!

Then it is that the rest days are needed. Up comes the apparatus of our task, up into the pure air and against the cleansing water. The sunshine and the washing do their work, and down it all goes again on Monday morning, and sets to work with renewed vigor—chug, chug, ker-chug. Indeed, what with nights and Sundays and holidays and vacations, we rest even longer than we work—if we are wise. The derrick is higher than the well is deep.

But alas for those silly folks that take down their derricks as soon as the well is dug! Soon all their life begins to run feebly, the life blood pulses more slowly, the thought and energy that used to rush forth a hundred barrels a day—a rich “gusher”—now dribble their scant barrel in twenty-four hours. Ere long the well is run dry, and it is boarded over, with three handfuls of dirt upon the boards.

So keep up your derricks, you wise workers, and use them regularly and well.

Studies in the Art of Illustration

THE COMPOSING-STICK

THE work of a type-setter (to use a commonly understood term, the accurate word being "compositor") seems easy enough. You have only to "know the case," to direct your fingers to the proper compartments, to pick up the tiny blocks of metal and place them in the steel box called a "composing-stick," being careful to set them letter-side up and notched-side out. That is all.

But that is not all. That is only a small part of the task. To say nothing of the requirements as to spelling and punctuation, and the skill needed to decipher abominable handwriting, there is essential a delicacy and dexterity of touch that is marvelous. For though each line of type must be loose enough to slip easily out of the composing-stick when it is filled, and therefore the cheap expedient of cramming the type in as tightly as possible is out of the question, yet the lines must all be of absolutely uniform length. If one line is shorter than its neighbors, though only a trifle, it is dropped in handling, or fails to receive the pressure when locked up in the page, and so falls out. If the line is too long, it holds the pressure away from its neighbors, and no one knows how many lines will "go to pi." Moreover, not only must all lines be of equal length, but every stickful must line up with every other stickful, so that a compositor who "sets too tight" or "too loose" will throw an entire printing-office into confusion. Beginners are wont to "set

The Composing-Stick

too tight," and when they come across one of those many-lettered syllables, like "strength," that are often the despair of the printer, they squeeze it in by brute force, and the result is havoc. Only long experience can give to the hand that wise light touch, that sympathy with the type and the sides of the composing-stick, which create out of unyielding metal and cumbrous words a safe and beautiful uniformity.

And now how hard we find it to "stick type" well in the great world printing-office, where copy is often so poor, the types so worn and dirty, and where things so frequently "go to pi" ! We make a sad mess, often, of our life sentences, and our proof-readers have indeed no sinecure. Here is a hard word that we cannot make out,—“trib—tribu”—what can it mean? Here is a day into which we try to squeeze more than any day ought to hold, and our body "goes to pi" in a headache. Here is a day all at loose ends, and it "goes to pi" also, in discouragement and shame. We don't know where to divide our life words. We don't know where to make new paragraphs and take a fresh start. Daily and hourly we are at odds with our tasks.

Fellow-printers, there is to be obtained a composing-stick of properties so magical that all work done with it is "even setting." There is nothing that will not fit in. Even toothache. Even crossness. No "pi" is possible to it. The sides are not of hard, unyielding steel, but they clasp their contents with the delicate yet firm pressure that of itself makes work artistic.

Studies in the Art of Illustration

The name of this rare composing-stick? The place where it is to be bought?

Different users give it different names, and my name for it is a long one. It is a whole sentence. It is this: "I am with you alway." And this composing-stick is to be bought in the city of Obedience, on the street called Faith, and at Meditation Corner.

"DELE"

ON almost every page of proof which I see on the proof-reader's desk I observe marks that look like d's, only they are not our English d's, but Greek ones,—really, the Greek letter delta. They stand, however, not for a Greek word but a Latin word, "dele," which means expunge, cut out. The luckless letters or words to which this mysterious symbol is attached have no business there. Some one has blundered. May be the editor was half asleep when he wrote them, may be the compositor was wool-gathering when she put them into type. Both things happen, now and then, even in our office.

Back goes the proofsheets to the foreman, and he bends his brows at it if it is much marked up. Nevertheless, the quoins are loosened that hold the type firmly in the page, out come his nippers, and the offending letters or words are pulled from their more fortunate comrades.

Then what happens? Does the foreman "lock up" that page again, and send it to the foundry for elec-

“Dele”

trotyping? Not a bit of it. So compactly must every bit of all those thousands of pieces of metal fit in with every other bit that the omission of those “dele-d” letters and words would throw the remainder of the line “off its feet,” and perhaps “pi” the whole page before it got halfway to the foundry. No; for every letter removed, an equally large “space” type must be inserted. For every word taken out, the editors must conjure up a word as long or as short to take its place. If they can’t think of these words, then the foreman must “run over” the whole paragraph, taking up the lines one after another in his “composing-stick” and sliding the words backward to fill the gap, till a period and half a dozen “quads” can finish the job.

Quite a piece of work, don’t you think, just because the editor or the compositor made an instant’s slip? It is such a bother that it ought, in compensation, to furnish us with more than a single moral, but here is at least one:

Don’t try to remove an evil from your life without inserting a corresponding good. Don’t tear out a vice, and leave the cavity unoccupied. Don’t say good-bye to a passion without welcoming a substitute virtue. Nature abhors a vacuum,—moral nature as well as material nature. Cut out the mischief, and use an unsparing knife, but cram in the good, the true, and the beautiful till there is no vacant hollow or crevice of your mind for the lodging of corruption. And does any one say that this is only another form of our Saviour’s parable about the house emptied of devils? Yes, it is.

Studies in the Art of Illustration

ORDERING LUNCH

Not many days ago I was in a restaurant, and two young men came in and sat down at the same table.

Perhaps I should not have listened, but

Illustration of I did, and this is what I heard.

Indecision *A. (taking up the bill of fare).—O dear, I never know what I want at a restaurant. What's good here?*

B.—Everything, so far as I have tried.

A.—Sirloin—pork chops—oh, it's too hot for meat, don't you think?

B.—Rather.

A.—Guess I'll try some fish to-day. Let's see. Cod, halibut, blue fish,—I wonder how some chicken halibut would go. What do you think?

B.—If you like it.

*A.—Well, I don't know that I *do* like it very well. Maybe some soup will be enough for now. M-m-m—tomato, pea, chicken—or—I have it! Some fish chowder! The very thing! Some fish chowder, waiter!*

The Waiter.—Anything else, sah?

*A.—O—ah—I don't know. Guess I won't take that fish chowder, waiter, after all. Think I can find something I like better. Say, old boy, *you* tell me what to order.*

B.—O, order for yourself. I don't know what you want.

A.—Neither do I. Say, waiter, what is good to-day?

Old Brass

The Waiter (with a grin).—Specks it's *all* good, boss.

A.—O, some things must be better than others. How is your lobster salad?

The Waiter.—Fuss rate, boss.

A.—Well, bring me some of that. No—what am I thinking of? Lobster salad never agrees with me. Well—m-m-m—say, *you* order first, and I'll pretty likely take what you order (*handing B the bill of fare*).

B. (*glancing at it*).—Small-rump-steak-well-done-mashed-'tatoes-'n-a-cup-coffee-hot.

The Waiter.—Yes, sah. Same for *you*, sah? (*Turning to A.*)

A.—Oh, I don't know. Rump steak is pretty sure to be tough, isn't it? Let me see that bill of fare again.

At this point I finished my lunch and retired, being certain in my own mind that B was either senior partner in some concern or on the way there, and that A had a perpetual lease of the bottom of the ladder.

OLD BRASS

YALE UNIVERSITY made a discovery once, and became \$10,000 the richer because of it. In an unused cellar of the Peabody Museum one of the assistants, by the merest chance, picked up from a rubbish heap a bit of old brass. At least, he thought it was old brass until he polished it a little with his

Illustration
of Unused
Hoarding

Studies in the Art of Illustration

work-apron. It had a strange look for old brass, and this observing young man took it to the light, and then he took it to the laboratory and analyzed it. It was pure gold.

In that rubbish heap was found a treasure of the rarest Aztec jewelry, valued at \$10,000.

Prof. O. C. Marsh, the wealthy, learned, generous, and eccentric curator of Yale's museum, bought this collection years ago, just as he bought hundreds of other collections, paying for them with his own money very often, and piling them up in his treasure house, then rushing off over the world for other acquisitions without stopping to catalogue what he had already acquired. After his death just such unexpected discoveries as this were frequent in the big museum.

The whole performance is too good an illustration not to be utilized, for it shows perfectly well how some folks treat their lives. They are all for getting, and little for making practically available what they have obtained. Full barns merely become warrants for bigger barns. Prosperous business simply incites to wider enterprises. One science mastered suggests the mastery of another. The greediness of the stomach is overmatched constantly by greed for power, or gold, or learning. Few indeed know when to stop. I once read an article with an unconsciously sarcastic title: "Why Millionaires *Must* Keep on Making Money."

It is a beautiful thing, brethren, to have lives in which your friends are constantly finding unexpected treasures—discovering all the while that you are bet-

Lift-Up Letters and Pull-Down Letters

ter and wiser and stronger than they had thought you to be. I am not urging you to wear your heart on your sleeves, or display your learning in every conversation, or refrain from patronizing the savings banks. Just the same, acquisition has its excuse only in utilization, and if you don't take care to make good use of your gains, whatever they may be, they are sure to go to the rubbish heap, and it's ten to one that they stay there forever.

LIFT-UP LETTERS AND PULL-DOWN LETTERS

I WAS walking along Beacon Street the other day (I like to walk along Beacon Street, because it gives me such an opulent and self-satisfied feeling), and I happened to notice two mail boxes nearly a square apart. Each was of somewhat new construction, but the iron lid of one of them moved down for the inserting of letters, and that of the other lifted up. The first bore the legend, "Pull Down," and the second "Lift Up."

Illustration of
Epistolary
Helpfulness

As I walked on, I could not help thinking that part of the letters I receive ought to be posted in the first box, and part of them in the second. Some are "lift-up" letters, and some, alas! are "pull-down" letters. Some of them grow warm as I read them, and tingle in my hand as if there were life in them, and the warmth and the tingle creep down to my heart

Studies in the Art of Illustration

and stay there. The whole day is brighter after I read those letters, the telephone works more smoothly, the very electricity, that somehow has got into all of our modern life as well as into my telephone exchange, has taken on the glow and graciousness of a hearth-fire. I can leap over every obstacle and run to any goal. Have I not been reading some lift-up letters?

Ah, but sometimes my mail brings me letters of another kind. Usually I can scent the poison with the very first sentence, but I am not usually wise enough to throw it into the scrap-basket. They are letters from thin-skinned people, who have run against a shadow and scratched their hand upon it. They are letters from self-opinionated folks, who will not grant any one else the right to an opinion. They are spiteful letters, maliciously twisting words, and wresting expressions from their evident meaning. Loud in their self-righteous professions, yet they are letters written with the inky waters of the pit. Down go my spirits as I read them, and, if it is a day of weak faith and flagging courage, down my spirits *stay* until sleep has washed the poison out of my mind.

Oh, if only a lift-up and a pull-down letter-box could stand always side by side, and if it could be a law rigidly enforced that all letters should be mailed in their appropriate receptacle! Then I would have all the lift-up letters forwarded with double speed and delivered from golden mail-bags, and I would have all the pull-down letters carefully burned in the hottest fire the post-office department could make!

A Dead Tooth

A DEAD TOOTH

It is a great relief to have a dead tooth. Of course the process of killing it was a horrible one. You remember how the dentist scraped around carefully with his villainous, sharp-pointed little chisels, and then laid upon the palpitating bulb, with great caution, a small ball of cotton.

**Illustration of
the Killing
of One's
Conscience**

"That's 'nough for to-day," he said.

"Why, you're letting me off easy," you answered.

"Wait till about ten o'clock to-night," he replied, with a sardonic grin.

And, sure enough, in about an hour that molar began—thump, thump, thump! The poison on the little ball of cotton was getting in its work. Soon it settled down to business. Your molar grew hot like a fiery fortress of agony. Burning arrows of pain began to fly from that flaming centre to the remotest corners of the head. Ears, eyes, palate, every convolution of the brain, quivered with the fiendish bombardment. Camphor? Those dentine gunners grinned at it. Paregoric? They laughed. Aconite? They howled in derision. Whew! What a night that was.

About two o'clock the turmoil in your jaws reached its climax. You walked the floor in an agony. If you are a man, you said things; and you got your wife to bring things—all sorts of things. If you are a woman, you held on with both hands, and kept still. Swifter and swifter grew the arrow flights. Deeper and deeper they bored their way into the shrieking

Studies in the Art of Illustration

tissues. Suddenly the fire reached the powder magazine and the whole fort blew up with a bang that knocked the top of your head off; and it was all over. Not another twinge. That tooth was dead.

You went back to the dentist's in the morning, and he took his biggest chisel and dug his worst, but that tooth never even grumbled. He explored the root, he washed it out with a plunger, he rammed his buzzer around in it, he gouged, he tore, he hammered, he cut, and you scarcely knew that the tooth was in your jaws. For it was dead.

"Why did you work so hard," I once asked the dentist, after such an experience, "to keep that tooth alive all these years? Here it has been filled three times, and each time was a torture, to say nothing of the weeks of toothache that preceded every time. Why didn't you kill the nerve long ago?"

"Because," he answered, "a dead tooth is never as good as a live one. It doesn't last anywhere near as long. It hasn't the stamina to resist decay. That's why."

Which remark I have proved true on more than one molar.

And now, brethren, did you ever—*did* you ever try to kill your conscience at any point? It died hard, you will remember, terribly hard. You probably had a night of it; indeed, many a night of it. But if the poison was strong enough, it died at last, and you were at ease on that point of conscience.

At ease? Ah, brethren, the pain meant *life*, and the ease meant only death and swift decay. You

“That’s All”

were less of a man than you were before. You were carrying about with you—to the extent of a tooth merely, do you say? Very well, then, to the extent of a tooth—a body of death. Brethren, a live conscience, susceptible to vigorous pain, is a pretty good thing to keep.

“THAT’S ALL”

LIQUOR-DEALERS often betray themselves unconsciously in their advertisements. For pure guilelessness, however, nothing in this line quite exceeds an advertisement which, since Rev. Charles M. Sheldon directed my attention to it, I have seen in many papers that should know better. It is a very simple advertisement :

Illustrating the
Abomination
of Alcohol

SMITH’S WHISKEY.

THAT’S ALL !

(of course, the name is not Smith.)

“Smith’s Whiskey. That’s All !” Could the sarcasm of the most powerful temperance orator paint a more damning picture? “That’s all?” Indeed it is. Nothing else left. No money. No credit. No decent clothes. No comfortable house. No business. No friends. No skill. No reputation. No health. No strength. No courage. No happiness at home. Nothing to eat there. No joy for the children. No

Studies in the Art of Illustration

religion. No peace of conscience. No safety or hope, in this world or the next.

But "Smith's Whiskey." He has that. "That's All." Smith's whiskey. And a swollen head. And a turgid brain. And bleared eyes. And a tomato nose. And palsied hands. And wavering vision. Feet for the gutter. Nerves for the serpents of delirium. A thirst that is madness. A brutal passion that has taken control of his entire being. Smith's Whiskey. That's All.

Who that reads this interpretation does not know that it is true? And who will not, in the fear of God, for the love of his brother, use all the power he has to drive this cynical, deadly evil from off the face of the earth?

SHODDY FOLKS

Do you know what, up to an hour ago, I thought shoddy was? I thought it was some substitute for wool; something not wool, made to look like wool, and sold as if it were wool. I should not be surprised if a good many people were making the same mistake that I have been making.

**Illustration of
Short-Lived
Excellencies**

For shoddy *is* wool. That is where the mischief of it comes in. A clothier may assure you with perfect honesty that the suit of clothes you are buying is "all wool," and you may be able to see for yourself that he is speaking the truth, and you pay for it a price that is "all wool and a yard wide," and yet that suit of

Shoddy Folks

clothes may be shoddy. For shoddy is simply old wool used over, wool that has once been woven into cloth, and the cloth made into garments, and the garments worn out, then passed to the rag man, and sold by him to the shoddy manufacturer, who puts it through an ingenious machine which tears it apart and puts it together again—cloth as good as new.

As good as new? No, indeed. For the shoddy manufacturer will utilize what is hardly more than wool dust. “Anything long enough to have two ends” he accepts gratefully, and behold—an overcoat! How much wear you will get out of such an overcoat, I leave you to guess. But it is all wool. O yes; it is all wool.

Now that is the reason, brethren, why shoddy people are so mischievous in the world—they have all the appearance of the genuine article, of “real folks,” and they deceive the keenest eyes; but they won’t “wear well.”

If it is a shoddy teacher, he knows some things well, he makes a brilliant surface show, but he stopped studying ten years ago, and since that time he has been weaving over and over again, into no one knows how many suits of clothes, the knowledge he possessed at that time. Of course he doesn’t wear well in the schoolroom.

It may be a shoddy clerk. The first week he is all attention, wide-awake, brisk, affable, shrewd, the very man for the place; but by the end of the month he is all frayed out, comes lounging in ten minutes late, flirts with the pretty girls among his customers and

Studies in the Art of Illustration

keeps rich old Mrs. Grundy waiting, loses his temper at trifles, and goes to pieces in general.

It may be a shoddy friend. He seems to have all the characteristics of a noble friend, and truly he has, only—the threads are so short. He is thoughtful, and kind, and generous, and sympathetic, and tactful, and brave. He is sincere, too, and thoroughly honest. But that was yesterday. To-day the ends prove short. A mean suspicion, perhaps, has torn a great rent in his friendship. He is shoddy.

And so I have learned that it is not enough to discover that a man has fine qualities, but I must go on to ask of him, "Have his fine qualities the faculty of endurance? Are they new wool, or are they shoddy?"

"To ask of *him*," did I say? Yes, in faith, and to ask it of myself!

THE BUMBLE BEE

I TRIED to put it out.

Silly was no word for it. It was the most stupid, idiotic, senseless drone of a bumble bee

Illustration of
God's Merciful
Providences

I ever saw.

You see, it had got into my bedroom, and a bedroom is not the proper habitat of a bumble bee, so I tried to eject him. I opened the window, and shooed him toward it. Naturally, he flew in the opposite direction. I cornered him, and then the question arose, what did I

The Bumble Bee

want of him in a corner? So I flirted a handkerchief at him. Then he went under the bed. Of all places in the room, that was probably the worst place for a bumble bee—from my standpoint; therefore I used a broom, and the bumble bee flew out, and went behind a picture. A vicious dab at the picture frame, and the bee buzzed violently around the chandelier.

Now was my chance. I shooed him toward the window again. This time he hit the mark nearer (if he had any mark); he lighted in the folds of the lace curtain.

Instantly he became a wild and furious bee, a completely demoralized insect. The more he fought with the lace curtain, the deeper he drove himself into its meshes. His frantic plunges became pathetic, and I gingerly straightened out the folds, expecting nothing more than that the blundering thing would sting me. But no, he clung in desperation to the curtain, with the open window only a few inches away.

Then I got a towel, and I tried to catch him. He did what I had expected—flew directly away into the middle of the room, around and around, hoarse with anger. So I, too, waxed indignant. I clubbed my towel, and I made a charge. Striking out fiercely several times, at length I hit Sir Bumble Bee, and dashed him to the floor. There he lay, stunned and despairing. Quickly I pinched him up in my towel and shook it out of the window, and a very much surprised insect buzzed away on the summer air.

“Well, isn’t that a parable,” thought I, turning away, “a fit parable of the fashion we mortals have

Studies in the Art of Illustration

when we get where we should not be, where, indeed, we cannot be and live, and when our heavenly Father tries to drive us out into the freshness and the fragrance and the food ! With what stupidity do we flutter and tumble, how frantically we dash ourselves against the walls, how terrified we are when God's hand closes gently around us, how we shriek when His merciful providences strike us down, and how astonished we are when, after all this turmoil of body and spirit, we find ourselves once more in the Garden of Delights ! "

OVERHEARD AT THE FRUIT-STAND

It was while I was buying some maple sugar the other day for my little daughter Caroline, that I chanced to overhear the following dialogue. It seemed worth reporting, as showing how very *human* these inhabitants of the vegetable kingdom are, after all.

Illustration
of Snap
Judgments

The Jamaica Oranges.—What are those great hulking yellow things they have piled right up in front of me ? Such impoliteness !

The Tangerines.—They call them Grape Fruit. What an absurd name ! I wonder what the Malagas think of them.

The Florida Oranges.—O, yes, we have heard about them. Sour as lemons, aren't they ? Ugh !

The Tangerines.—Yes, they are. And just see

Overheard at the Fruit-Stand

how big and clumsy. Now an orange (*simplering*) should be little and dainty.

The Jamaica Oranges.—And they have great thick skins, too.

The Navel Oranges.—And they are full of big seeds. A seedless orange is the only kind of orange worth being, in *our* opinion.

The Blood Oranges.—The plebeian, yellow-blooded upstarts!

The Jamaica Oranges.—The coarse-grained, ugly intruders!

A Customer (breaking in).—How much are your grape fruit, Mr. Singleton?

The Fruit-Dealer.—Fifteen cents apiece, sir.

The Customer.—Whe-e-ew! They come high, don't they?

The Fruit-Dealer.—Yes, sir, but they're worth it.

The Customer.—Worth it? I guess they are, especially when you have a sick little girl, as I have. Nothing quite so healthy as grape fruit, or quite so nice to eat, so my wife and I think. Well, I suppose I could get a dozen of the other oranges at the price, but you may give me three of the grape fruit.

As the customer left, there was absolute silence in the fruit-stand, except that the hiss of the peanut-roaster had become a regular shriek of glee.

Studies in the Art of Illustration

THE TASTE OF WORDS

**Illustration of
Wise
Speech** LISTENING the other Sunday to Rev. Charles M. Southgate, I heard him ask a question that set me to thinking. "What if different words had different tastes, appropriate to their meaning?" he asked.

What, indeed? What if that bit of gossip which I just rolled enjoyably upon my tongue were as bitter in my mouth as in the soul of its subject? Not all the sugar in Boston could sweeten my taste to-day. Suppose that impatient snarl with which I just met my little girl were put on a chemical basis? Would not wormwood be honey to my taste, compared with it? I cannot digest ice cream, but suppose I had to digest those cool remarks I just made in answer to Richard's shame-faced apology? That taunt sounded bright, with its stinging sarcasm. What if it put as much pepper down my œsophagus as I put into the words?

And there would be another side to it. I hope there would. In the experience of all of us so heedfully do we guard our palates that for every disagreeable taste that assails our tongues, we enjoy scores of delightful tastes. And why might not that be the case with my speech? I should like to know the taste of gratitude. Is it not better than grapes, I wonder? And words of due appreciation; must they not taste like peaches? "Honeyed words," we say, when we speak of lovers' talk. Might it not be more than metaphor? Words fitly spoken are like apples,

Garments and the Gospel

said the inspired writer; and what taste is more piquantly delightful than that of apples? Comforting words; how often they have been called balm. And strong, foodful words, are they not the very bread of life?

I think I will turn cook. I think I will "eat my own words." And I pray my cooking-stove will turn out words I shall like to eat.

GARMENTS AND THE GOSPEL

ONE summer month probably every newspaper in the country and not a few in England commented on the fact that a certain American preacher in the West had announced that he would appear that evening in his pulpit without a coat, wearing a shirt waist, and invited the men of his congregation to come similarly attired, and the women to come without hats. It was at the very height of a protracted hot spell, and the episode won considerable attention and provoked much discussion. Some thought the preacher was simply showing his good sense. Others classed him at once among the advertising mountebanks, and others raised their hands in horror at the sacrilege.

Illustrating
Empty
Worship

At the same time, as I saw in a few papers, a London clergyman of the Established Church set an evening service for nine o'clock, and announced that his congregation would be at liberty to appear in full dress. The people are said to have been delighted,

Studies in the Art of Illustration

and the clergyman now looks out every Sabbath evening over pews radiant with white shirt-fronts, glittering necks, bare arms, and flashing jewels. Our shirt-waist friend made his appearance first, and won universal attention before the second freak appeared, so that little notice was taken of the latter; but he was worth just as much attention as the other.

I am reminded of Mark Twain's account of the first service the Sandwich Islanders attended after the missionaries had initiated them into the mysteries of dress. The guileless natives, in their unselfishness, had traded garments and given them away indiscriminately, so that most grotesque results were produced. Here a stalwart man strutted up the church aisles wearing nothing whatever but a white shirt tied around his waist. He was followed by his wife attired—in a silk hat. There was about one article of dress apiece, but with it, however disposed on his or her person, the poor natives were supremely satisfied, and spent their time during the service in looking around and taking fashion notes quite as if they were on Fifth Avenue.

Such, making due allowance for Mark Twain's imagination, was the first result of attempting to improve on the simplicity of nature in Hawaii.

Now, in all three of these instances, the principle is the same, from the full-dress suits in England, through the shirt waists of Kansas City, to the single garment of those simple-minded savages. The worship is injured because the thought of clothes has taken the place of the thought of God. Swallow-tail

Two Theories of Advertising

coat, shirt waist, no clothes at all, or only a silk hat—it makes little difference what the garb is, if only the emphasis is not laid on it, nor the thought turned toward it, but the mind is fixed on the worship for which the congregation has assembled. Anything which turns the mind from the gospel to garments, whether the plea be made on behalf of comfort or for the sake of filling up empty pews, is a desecration of the house of God and an injury to religion. What we need is undivided attention bestowed on the message of the hour, and, for the sake of this, Christians will always agree that innovations in manners and customs must become commonplace before they can wisely find their place in our churches.

TWO THEORIES OF ADVERTISING

I ONCE heard a man talking about a certain style of advertising he was intending to use, and I ventured to suggest that it would certainly be offensive to all that saw it. “I want it to be offensive,” was his prompt and frank reply.

**Illustration of
Attention-
Winning**

That remark points out very clearly the distinction between the two great varieties of advertisements. One takes for its motto, “Anything to attract attention.” It disfigures the pages of periodicals with black enormities. It mars a beautiful railroad view with a gigantic bill-board. It paints its soaps and patent medicines and stove-blackening on the face of the

Studies in the Art of Illustration

most picturesque cliffs. It bellows its wares in the ears of disgusted passers-by. It starts off like a love story, to end with Dr. Cureall's Creative Tonic. It has no regard for people's feelings. It does not care what kind of impression it makes, provided only it does make an impression. It imitates the bully, not the gentleman. If it can see some immediate result, it ignores ultimate results. If it can only be big enough, and loud enough, and often enough, it is sure it will win attention and success.

Now study the most successful modern advertisers, and you will see how far they have advanced beyond this crude conception. They have decided that it is more profitable to please than to tease. They have dropped the highwayman's bludgeon and taken up the artist's pencil. They have discarded the argument of bluster, and called in Wit and Fact to plead their case. Pictures that are as lovely as any drawing in the magazine, humor as entertaining, and information as instructive, are to be found crowding the advertising pages. The idea is that it is not enough to win attention and hold the memory; it must be glad attention and it must be pleasant memories. These are what untie pursestrings.

The two classes of advertisers I have just described are so completely typical of two classes of men that merely naming them is almost enough. Both of these classes of men want to attract attention, want to influence men; for what purpose, makes no difference here. But one expects to win attention by eccentricities, the other by attractive conformities. One struts,

Paste Diamonds

the other tips his hat. One gives a warwhoop, the other sings a song. One finds out what people like and loudly opposes it, the other finds out what they like and skilfully improves upon it. Both gain attention ; yes, but one is the attention of disgust and the other is the attention of delighted admiration.

PASTE DIAMONDS

THAT most mysterious of all agents, the X-rays, has added one more to the long list of its triumphs. They have discovered that by its use false gems can promptly and surely be distinguished from true ones. A jeweller of Sterling, Ill., put the matter to an extensive test. Taking a large number of jewels, imitation and genuine, he exposed them to the X-rays, and placed in front of them a properly protected photographic plate.

Illustration of
Hypocrisy

There were diamonds in the group, rubies, sapphires, amethysts, emeralds, pearls, moonstones, quartz, and glass. Some of these substances left distinct images on the plate, though always the claws of the settings could be seen plainly through the stones themselves. Many of the real stones, however, showed almost no shadow whatever. On the contrary, the false stones were almost opaque to the X-rays, and their photograph was a silhouette.

For instance, an olivine was photographed. It is so close an imitation of the emerald that it is very difficult to detect it, but its image in the X-ray photo-

Studies in the Art of Illustration

graph (or skiagraph) was a tell-tale black. Five genuine diamonds were mixed with five false ones, and photographed. The image of the former was hardly visible, but the imitations were disclosed as black, sharp shadows.

Most significant is all this, surely, of the way in which the eye of God, infinitely more acute than any natural force of God's making, can pierce through all human pretences, and see the real character of a man. He may seem a diamond, on the outside. He may shine with a splendid lustre, and be counted of royal value. It may be impossible for men to know that he is a cheat. But all things are naked and laid open unto the eye of Him with whom we have to do, the darkness and the light are both alike to Him, and there is not a word in the tongue but He knows it altogether. How unutterably foolish to think to cheat Jehovah!

REMOVAL SALES

EVERY once in a while you come across in the city a big sign covering the face of an entire building:

Illustrating
"Progressive"
Thought

"GREAT REMOVAL SALE! THE
WHOLE STOCK TO BE CLOSED OUT AT
A SACRIFICE!! *To Save the Expense
of Removal!!!*" And generally that
store is thronged with folks that are happy to be able
to throw away a dollar on something that usually costs
two dollars.

Now many of these removal sales are entirely

Removal Sales

genuine ; that is, the proprietor has found, or thinks he has found, a better location for his business, and is going there. But many other removal sales are mere advertising dodges. Not that the proprietor does not expect to move, for he does ; sometimes he is *obliged* to move. But the removal is a mere incident ; the chance to sell his goods by an attractive advertisement is the main object of the whole performance.

Is it wicked in me to suspect this motive in some removal sales in the world of thought ? These removal sales are not infrequent nowadays. Men change very easily from one denomination to another, from one system of faith to another as different as an oak is different from a corn-stalk. Men are giving up their belief in the doctrines that have stood the test of ages. Men are decrying some of the best proved methods of Christian work, like the Sunday-school, the prayer-meeting, the temperance pledge, the revival. Men are proclaiming the inefficiency of missions, and calling upon governments to suppress them. Who does not instantly call to mind some examples of men who, in all these points, have sold out their faith with a widely advertised removal sale, and gone off to some fresh location ?

Not a word of censure against those that sincerely and conscientiously depart from ancient doctrines, old-time methods, and associations that have grown dear to the world. Truth must be held as it appears to the individual soul, and must be followed to the end of the earth. But to any right-thinking man this sundering of ties, this breaking away from what is

Studies in the Art of Illustration

very dear to the majority, is inexpressibly sad. He must do it, but he must do it in silence. He is no more likely to boast of it, or advertise it, than to proclaim through the public press that on such a day he would bid adieu to his old home, and say farewell to his mother. Admission, fifty cents.

Removals are sometimes necessary in this changing world. We cannot stand still. Experience is progressive. What was country a century ago in Boston, New York, London, is now the heart of the city. There must be removals; but—in the world of thought, at least—there need be no removal sales. Let no one sell out his dignity, his refinement, his manhood, “to save the expense of removal,” and carry to his new stand the mere shell of a man—only the ledger and the office fixings!

MY PHOSPHORESCENT CLOCK

WE have made a recent purchase in our house, and it is proving very useful. It is a phosphorescent clock. It looks like any ordinary clock, save that the figures on the face are perhaps unusually distinct; but when it is taken into a dark room its face seems suddenly to have acquired transparency, as if there were a strong light inside, and on this glowing face the figures stand out plainly, so that no one need turn on the gas in our house to learn the time of night. And when there is a baby in the house, that is quite a convenience.

My Phosphorescent Clock

How does it do it? No one knows. There is a coating of phosphorus over the face of the clock, and in some mysterious way that wonderful substance "absorbs" the light during the daytime, and gives it out again during the darkness. "Phosphorus" comes from two Greek words that mean "light-bearer," and well does it deserve its name. Other substances are light-bearers also, but not so gloriously as phosphorus.

Ingenious men of science have found a way to measure the light-carrying powers of different substances. The diamond, for instance, is strongly phosphorescent; other gems less so. The wise men mount on a wheel the material to be examined. The wheel is set revolving in a dark room, and the investigator looks at it through a slit. Through another slit a certain space away from the investigator a ray of light is thrown upon the phosphorescent substance, and the wheel is revolved faster and faster till the substance becomes visible to the eye of the scientist waiting for it in the dark. When that moment arrives, the speed of the wheel is noted, and it is known for how long a time that particular substance will carry light. It may be a very small part of a second, or it may be several minutes; no matter, it can be measured.

Now, wouldn't it be well if we should set on foot some such experiment with ourselves? It isn't on the sunny days that we most need our good cheer, our gratitude and our trust, but it is when the sky lowers, when the darkness gathers, when the shadow of misfortune or of death draws nigh. If we will, we may

Studies in the Art of Illustration

be laying up for ourselves under smiling skies a reservoir of trust and happiness which we can carry over into the gloom. I know just such people, don't you? Good cheer has become a habit with them, as with my phosphorescent clock; and when you look at them in the dark, ah, how their faces shine!

THEY MAKE NO SIGN

A LIFE-SAVER at a bathing-beach was set to talking by a reporter last summer, and the experience he related was at variance with common
Illustration of Timely Help opinions in several points. "It is generally supposed," he said, "that persons struggling in the water call for assistance, but such is not the case. For some reason, which can hardly be explained, they never signal help. They simply throw up their hand—not both, mind you—and under they go. I have noticed this particularly at the Washington Beach. In not a single instance has there been a call for help. I have pulled persons from the water within a few feet of the raft who were struggling for life, and yet who never uttered a single outcry. I have been with fairly good swimmers who became exhausted, and who, without a word of warning, threw back the head as though about to float or swim on the back, and went under. As they sank one arm came up."

Now this is true of life, and it is true of a wider life than that of the seashore. The men that are going

They Make no Sign

down on the ocean of life are making no noise about it. They may wear a smile on their faces—when they are not alone. Indistinguishable among the comfortable, well-dressed throng, they may be passed on the street with no knowledge of their danger. Indeed, in your very office, or even in your home, may be one who is going down, and is making no sign.

The physician does not come until he is called, but the Great Physician and His disciples must go before they are called, or they will be too late. Their eyes must be skilled to see symptoms hidden from the sufferer himself. They must be able to make out a diagnosis without a question or the feeling of a pulse.

It is possible to get on through the world very comfortably. It is easy to believe that there is very little sin that needs combatting, and very little sorrow that needs comforting. The worst sin and the heaviest sorrow always hide themselves. If you do not see it, it is not because it does not exist; it is because you do not know how to look.

And how can you get seeing eyes? By way of the sympathizing heart. Not by way of pride, but of humility. Know yourself, your own proneness to sin, if you would know others. Obtain for yourself the Unfailing Help, if you would know how to help others. Live deep lives, and you will be able to rescue those that are down in the depths of woe and wickedness.

Studies in the Art of Illustration

A PARIS SHOP-WINDOW

I SHALL never forget the impression made upon me by my first Sunday in Paris. I remember the start with which I awoke that morning. Outside my window the Seine was gay with great boat-loads of pleasure-goers, passing every minute in either direction, with bands playing vigorously. Underneath, the clamor of the street was twice what it had been the day before, with the shouts of men, the rattle of carriages, the clang of the trams, and the blatant noise of the Parisian horn. Later, I found the boulevards crammed with pleasure carriages, the cafés crowded with wine-drinkers to the very edge of the sidewalks, many stores doing a thriving business, and the workmen hammering away at many buildings. I had passed a whirling week, and I longed for Sabbath quiet and peace; but not a bit of it did I get through all that clanging day. My heart grew sick within me, though I am anything but emotional, and I vowed that, so far as my voice might reach, it should always be raised in protest against the least, the very slightest, inroad of the Continental Sunday into my own beloved land.

“They were having pleasure, they were taking their rest,” do I hear any one objecting? “They were weary with their week’s toil, and this was their mode of recreation”? Ah, what a one-sided and selfish recreation, then! For how about the shopkeepers, and their clerks? How about those carpenters and

A Paris Shop-Window

masons and bricklayers? How about the drivers of the tramways, and the engineers of the river boats, and the coachmen on the boulevards, and the waiters in the cafés? Even granting—which I do *not*—that the upper half got a sort of Sunday out of it, how about the poor lower half?

Toward the end of this blasphemous and wasteful Sunday I saw something that pleased me as much as anything I saw in Paris. It was a shop-window, or, rather, it was the great wooden shutter of a shop-window tightly drawn down. And on the shutter, where the firm name and business ordinarily are placed, I read these words, printed in large, plain letters:

**6 Jours pour Travailler et le
7eme pour se Reposer.**

That is, “Six days for work, and the seventh day for rest.”

Just beyond that splendid sign—it was at 68 Rue Pierre Charron—I could see rising earth’s loftiest building, the Eiffel Tower; but it seemed to me, as I stood there that Parisian Sunday, that the quiet courage of that simple notice rose higher than the tower; that it touched the very stars of heaven.

Studies in the Art of Illustration

SHIFTING CARGOES

**Illustration of
a Poorly
Filled Mind** **THEY** tell me that a great danger attends the shipping of certain kinds of asphalt, which is taken on board ships at the West Indies for transportation to our country. It is dumped into the hold as a solid, but it has not been there long before it begins to liquefy, and before the ship can make land it may be sufficiently fluid to destroy the ship's balance as the waves roll it about, and the boat at last keels over and is lost.

At Huelva, not long ago, a ship took on iron pyrites for Dunkirk. It was rainy weather, and the pyrite got wet. Have you ever collected this iron pyrites? It is commonly called "fool's gold." It is a brassy, glittering substance, and you sometimes find it mixed with quartz, or lying in veins in your coal. Water soon rots it. It unites with it, and changes it into a powder much resembling ashes. This is what happened to the cargo on that steamer. The ship began to settle to starboard, and they found the iron pyrites transformed to a mass "like pap," as they described it. The ship's crew, in order to proceed safely, were obliged to divide the hold by constructing a long bulkhead lengthwise of it. If they had not done that, they would have gone to the bottom of the ocean.

Such cargoes are dangerous, but they are not so dangerous as the cargoes that some young men I know are stuffing into their minds. They are filling their brains with a great mass of unstable opinions, opinions on politics, on social questions, on moral and

A Biography Worth Having

religious matters. They are opinions that will not stand the weather—the heat of argument, or the damp of ridicule, or the tossing of the waves of business. Over they go, these silly fellows, a complete flop-over in their mental attitude, and float keel uppermost on the ocean of life. They have become infidels or cranks. They have become “unbalanced.”

Young man, take in your mind-cargoes more slowly, if need be. Examine them more carefully. Get solid foundations. Aim at stability and fixedness rather than bulk and show. And then, with no treachery stowed away in that wonderful skull-hold of yours, you will sail prosperously on an even keel, and you will come gloriously to port at last.

A BIOGRAPHY WORTH HAVING

LONDON is to enjoy—and perhaps by this time it has already come to enjoy—a biographic studio. The new-fashioned biographer is furnished with a camera. His studio is brilliantly lighted with arc lamps equal to 100,000 candle power. He can make more than forty pictures a second, and when any moving object is photographed thus rapidly, and the photographs are rapidly passed before the eyes, they seem to move just as the living persons moved. Every one has become familiar with the phenomenon, and knows that it is made possible by the fact that the impression of a scene remains on the retina a little while after it is produced, so that a swift succession of visions appears continuous.

**Illustration of
Our Record
in Heaven**

Studies in the Art of Illustration

At this biographic studio bridal processions will march before the camera, and the animated spectacle will become an heirloom in the happy family. Children may play in that magic arena. There the society beau may make his best bow. The merry company around a dinner-table may live again in this novel biograph. In short, there is no end of ways in which this marvel of human invention may be made to minister to the pleasures of memory.

For some years we have been able to hear men speak after they are dead. Now we can see them move. And these wonders that man, with his poor little mind, has been able to contrive—are they not a help, at least, toward understanding how God, with His infinite mind, makes and preserves His vast book of records? Every word you have said is there, every movement you have made, nay, every thought you have ever entertained, though but for an instant, in your mind. Ah, how shall we feel, you and I, when we see and hear our biograph in the heavens?

PORTABLE CHURCHES

You have heard of portable schoolhouses. They even have them here in Boston, ready to set up in any school yard where there is overcrowding. They are not unlike the portable election booths which this city sets up along the streets just before the election time—only they are larger. But have you ever heard of a portable church?

**Illustration of
the Missionary
Spirit**

Portable Churches

They make them, though, and they are in actual use. A wooden framework supports sides of galvanized, corrugated iron. Walls and ceiling are lined on the inside with wainscoting. A heavy felt lining to the roof gives warmth and coolness in the proper seasons. Such a church, seating three hundred persons, can be put up for \$1,500. When the congregation has become able to build a permanent edifice, this can be carted off to some other pioneer enterprise.

I like that. It smacks of gumption. It means putting religion where it is needed. It has in it a hint of the highways and the hedges. It breathes the spirit of the early Christians who "went everywhere preaching the Word."

We have too many Christians who are on "standing committees"; we need to put more of them on running committees. I do not believe in stationary religion. A mission station is anything but what its name implies; it is perpetually outgoing. So should a church be. I should like to found a new peripatetic order. What if Paul had "settled down"? What if Philip had waited for the eunuch to call around? What if Peter had sent word to Cornelius when he would be at home? Brethren, there are thousands of congregations that are starving to death for lack of work. They need to get into some portable church. Put it on wheels, if necessary, to get it where the sin and the suffering are the deepest. Thy disciples *go*; Thy kingdom *come*.

Studies in the Art of Illustration

A BUSINESS SIGNATURE

THE other day, desiring to draw out some money from a savings bank, I signed the identification slip and the clerk went off to compare my signature with the one I had made months before when I first deposited money in that bank. He was gone an unusually long time, but at last returned and said, in a hesitating way, "You sometimes employ backhand, do you not?" I replied that I did, very often, and he requested me to write my name again on the identification slip, in backhand. This time he promptly returned and paid me the money smilingly.

This little incident taught me a lesson that reaches beyond the obvious one,—the wisdom of keeping to a single business signature—or style of penmanship for any occasion, for that matter. It will stand in my mind as a permanent symbol of the importance of uniform living.

You know those most uncomfortable people that are "up this minute and down the next," now in high spirits and anon in the most cerulean of blues, this hour angelic and the next hour ursine, to-day cordial and to-morrow cold, so that when you have seen them once their attitude is no indication whatever of what their attitude will be the next time you see them, save that it will be something different. You never know "where to find them." They vote for a plan at one meeting and at the next move a reconsideration. Now they are all zeal, and speedily

Light-Diffusers

they are all wet blanket. They never write twice in the same hand.

But ah! the blessed uniform folk! The people you can depend upon! The people that are always the same! Just to look at them is a tonic to one's faith in human nature. They make our calculations easy. They furnish fixed points, nuclei, bases of effort and feeling. They have allied themselves to the stability of God Himself. It is pleasant to live with them. A grateful serenity pervades their homes. They may not be brilliant, they may be even mediocre, but they always write the same hand, and they are *so* comfortable!

LIGHT-DIFFUSERS

JUST as the conditions of modern cities were forcing a rapidly increasing number of men and women—clerks in our stores, and workers of all kinds—to toil by the electric light instead of God's own sunlight, a relief has been introduced. You have doubtless noticed in the cities how fast the upper halves of shop windows have been filled with ribbed, semi-transparent glass. It has a neat look, and at first thought one would take it for a chaste form of ornamentation; but it has purposes of the highest utility.

**Illustration of
the Evening up
of One's Life**

At first thought, too, one would conclude that this corrugated, translucent glass would make the room darker, shutting out part of the light. In reality it

Studies in the Art of Illustration

makes the room very much lighter, surprisingly so. Where, before its installation, electric lights must be used half-way down the shop, now the natural light of day penetrates to its remotest corner, vastly to the comfort of clerks and shoppers and the advantage of the proprietor.

The reason? It is because under ordinary conditions too much light falls upon the few square feet near the window,—far more than is needed; so much more, that they must use window-shades to protect goods and eyes. This new arrangement takes up the fierce light near the street, and scatters it everywhere over the room, diffusing it equally and beautifully, with a white, even shimmer that is exceedingly grateful to the eye. In fact, the corrugations and the translucency change the glass into a collection of millions of tiny mirrors and lenses, directing the sun's rays to points where they will do most good.

A professor in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology is investigating this matter scientifically. He darkens a room, all but a little square window, and hangs a curtain outside to represent a building near by. With plain glass in his one window he can scarcely see to read close under it; with ribbed glass or prismatic glass he can read easily at the other side of the room. He has instruments which enable him to measure accurately the light-diffusing powers of different kinds of glass; some glasses will increase the amount of light in the apartment by twenty times.

And the moral? for there is one. It is this:

The common way of lighting up the houses of our

By Jerks

souls is by plain glass windows. Where the sunlight falls—at times of good fortune, in the presence of jolly people, and the like—it is very bright, sometimes too bright; but no radiance is distributed back into the far corners, into the days of trouble, among less pleasant friends, throughout seasons of perplexity and grief. Now, everything is flooded with cheer. Only a few steps away, and the gloom is too deep to read God's promises or see the face of human love.

Put in prismatic glass! Equip your soul with light-diffusers! Get an even, serene temper, that will scatter your joy and your good spirits over every day and all parts of every day. And if you do not know where such glass is to be sold, you will find an advertisement of it in the fourteenth chapter of John.

BY JERKS

PROBABLY, if the inventors keep on long enough, we shall be able to find in the patent office mechanical analogies for every spiritual experience and mental action. Only recently there has come into being a perfect illustration of a condition of mind hitherto without parallel, so far as I know, in the world of nature and art.

**Illustration
of Unsteady
Living**

The contrivance to which I refer is an automobile propelled by gunpowder. The machine dispenses altogether with electricity, steam, gasolene, and naphtha, and gunpowder is the sole propelling power.

Studies in the Art of Illustration

The carriage is moved by a succession of little gunpowder explosions, each like that of a 42-calibre cartridge. Ten pounds of powder will drive a machine for three hundred miles.

Just the way lots of men go ! They work by explosions. A big bang, and off they fly to some task. The explosion soon spends its force, and then they wait for another. Their enthusiasm is of the gaseous sort, quickly generated, as quickly expended. When they move, they move very fast ; when they stop, they stop very short, and they mostly are stopping.

For the machine in this case is far ahead of the man. Doubtless the automobile will run with little noise, with regularity and steady swiftness ; but the gunpowder men have no regularity in their explosions, either as to time or force. To-morrow they may do twice as much as to-day, or—they may do nothing at all. They are as uncertain as a weather-vane—and ten times as noisy. They are as noisy as the Fourth of July—and ten times as uncertain. When they do move, they are as likely to go backward as forward, or up like a sky-rocket, for that matter. They move so fast they get on fire, and then stand still so hard they get rooted. If you could distribute their energy evenly over their days, you could run many a mile ; but as it is, you might as well try to read a book by lightning, or pull your plough by the meteors. If I had to ride after the human gunpowder machine or an inanimate one, I'd take the inanimate one every time.

Mosquitoes—in Time

MOSQUITOES—IN TIME

THANKS largely to the labors of Dr. L. O. Howard of the United States Department of Agriculture, the general public now knows far more about mosquitoes than it ever knew before. Especially have we been enlightened as to the disease-carrying powers of the pest, and we have learned that as a little preliminary to the destruction of yellow fever and malaria we must kill off the germ-transmitting mosquitoes.

Illustration of
the Beginnings
of Sin

In some towns, notably Winchester, Va., they have actually succeeded in doing this, and in the successful accomplishment of the campaign have done as much for humanity as most wars have achieved. How have they done it? Simply enough. They have merely poured a little kerosene on the surface of every stagnant bit of water in the town. They cover up the cisterns and rain-barrels with great care. They pay especial attention to cesspools. They watch every swamp. And, as a result, the mosquito larvæ that grow up in the water—do not grow up. The mischief is nipped in the bud—if one may speak botanically. The enterprising citizens reap their reward. They can sit out of doors all night. They can throw away their window screens. Their beds are no longer swathed in mosquito netting. Mosquito bites, malaria—and yellow fever are things of the dim and misty past.

The truth is, brethren, if you want to get rid of a mosquito—or anything else that is poisonous—you must catch it before it gets its wings, you must kill it

Studies in the Art of Illustration

before it gets loose. It is that way with the angry word : smother it in the oil of silence. It is that way with the disparaging comparison : bury it beneath the oil of kindness. It is that way with the beginnings of a sensual practice : drown it with the oil of perspiration—hard, honest labor with your body. It is that way with the young brood of bad habits : whelm them in the oil of prayer. Everything poisonous has its own proper oil ; and an ounce of prevention kerosene is worth a pound of mosquito-netting cure.

HOW TO PLAY QUOITS

A FEW weeks ago a jolly party of us spent a healthful fortnight up among the lakes and mountains and balmy wildernesses of Maine. We had many things to do—rowing, fishing, threading blazed trails, swimming, and mountain-climbing ; but high in our list of sports we came to place the game of quoits.

Illustration of
Single-Hearted-
ness.

I did not become an expert player, even with the most vigorous and constant practice ; but I learned a thing or two. I learned that my chances of landing my quoit near the stake were vastly greater when I could forget everything but the stake. It did not answer for me to think about the quoit or how I was holding it. I must not consider the score, and whether I was making a good record. I must pay no heed to the exhortations of my partner, or the applause or sarcasm of the spectators. Every nerve must reach out along that curved path through the

Why Helen Keller is Happy

air. Every muscle must be directed in equable poise toward that distant piece of wood. All thoughts must be centred on the spot where I wished to drop the quoit. And when I succeeded in thus aiming *myself*, I almost invariably fired straight.

When Sunday came, and we had a rest from quoits, I began to moralize over my discoveries. "That is just what I must do," thought I to myself, "if I would reach my life goal. I must not think about the *quoit*,—the thing I hold in my hand, my talents or possessions. I must not think about the *score*,—my success or my failure. I must not be worrying about the *spectators*,—my reputation among my fellow men. Quoits, score, hand-clapping, all will take care of themselves, if I can only forget them and remember the goal. O the mark toward which I am pressing! O my high calling in Christ! To know Him, to love Him, to serve Him,—let me have no thought that is not fixed upon that; no desires that do not reach out toward that; and no possessions or pleasures that do not spring from that as their beautiful and sufficient foundation!

WHY HELEN KELLER IS HAPPY

WHO tires of reading about Helen Keller? This wonderful girl—deaf, blind, and dumb—or at least dumb until recently—is perhaps the best-known and best-loved young woman in all the land. We have followed her from those early days when the indomitable perseverance and marvelous skill of her teachers

Illustration of the
Overcoming of
Obstacles

Studies in the Art of Illustration

pierced through the shell in which a sad fortune had enclosed her beautiful soul. We have watched her progress, step by step, as the world has unfolded itself before her delighted appreciation. Of recent months we have seen her entering Radcliffe College, and taking honorable rank there. Unending effort has even given her the faculty of speech, though she can hear no syllable that she utters. When chosen vice-president of her class, she rose at the freshman luncheon, and said distinctly: "Classmates, it is a great pleasure, and I esteem it a great honor, to be present here and speak to you. I am glad to have an opportunity to thank the class for their kindness in electing me their vice-president, and I hope that I may become acquainted with many of you. Though I cannot see you, I will soon know you by touching your hands."

"Miss Keller," said one of her teachers, "is really the happiest person I know of. And why? Because of the great obstacles she has overcome."

Now isn't that a secret worth knowing and practising? We all want to be happy. Who is there of us that may not find this pathway to happiness: *obstacles to be overcome*? Fortunately for our feeble wills, they will not be Helen Keller's obstacles. We have those priceless possessions, our five senses. But as soon as we try to do things, we shall run up against obstacles in sufficient abundance. The main thing is—to try to do things.

You *are* like Helen Keller. You *are* blind—blind to worlds of thought and beauty. You *are* deaf—

See Whom You are Holding

deaf to a myriad voices of the unseen world. You *are* dumb—your lips closed to a thousand noble utterances that might inspire your friends and fellows. Oh, learn to see and hear and speak ! Break through all barriers that shut you out from the best that is possible for you. Leap up the mountain-side, nor wait for the path to be blazed. You will find morasses, windrows, precipices, tangled thickets, dangerous beasts. Every foot of progress must be fought for. But as you go on, rising higher and higher into ever widening and more glorious landscapes, there will fill your soul a joy like that of this heroic blind girl, and it will be said of you, as of her, that you are among the happiest of mortals, because of obstacles overcome.

SEE WHOM YOU ARE HOLDING

ONE night a police inspector of Boston was standing near the corner of Court and Tremont Streets. Of a sudden a man came in sight rapidly running, while several others were pursuing him from a distance. Promptly the inspector joined the chase, and sprinted for two blocks. He ran faster than the culprit, and got within a few feet of him. He would have caught him in a few seconds, but unfortunately there rose up suddenly a well-meaning citizen who, not seeing the first man, thought the inspector was the criminal whom the distant group was pursuing, and seized him in a grip of iron. While

Illustration of
the Hindering of
Good People

Studies in the Art of Illustration

the inspector was proving his identity, the real thief escaped.

Dear me, how many times I have seen this little comedy-tragedy enacted on more important stages! A preacher, a reformer, a religious newspaper, will be going after the devil with every muscle strained and every nerve tense, when up will pop some stout brother, who, with the best intentions in the world, will hold him up, under the impression that *he* is the devil!

This stout citizen may be an Anglomaniac or an Anglophobist, and he thinks the preacher, reformer, or paper is the opposite.

He may have one way of carrying out a reform, and the other fellow may prefer another way.

He may pronounce it "neether," while the other pronounces it "nīther."

He may say Sabbath, while the other man says Sunday.

He may give tithes because he thinks Moses commands him to, while the other gives more than a tithe because he loves his Lord.

He may—but there is really no end to the list, so why go on?

Ah, let all well-meaning citizens look ahead before they grip their man! See first if there is not, just a few feet in advance of him in the darkness, just a little space ahead that his outstretched arms are about to span, a certain personage, with red eyes and pointed horns and club feet and a long forked something sticking out from under his coat-tail.

Take up the Tracks!

TAKE UP THE TRACKS!

BOSTON once had been having a railroad upheaval. It had built an enormous railway station, the largest in the world, and into it were directed all the trains that enter the great city from the south. Four old stations, with all the tracks running into them, were thus rendered useless. The tracks came up and the stations came down, or were remodeled for other purposes. In all directions you saw the workmen prying up the rails, carting off the sleepers, and leveling the ground for buildings. The grand new station became the railroads' home, and they have no more to do with their former abiding places.

Illustration of
the Break
with Sin

But Boston had another experience very much like this, and yet in an important respect very different. She built a magnificent subway right under the heart of the city, a long, clean, brilliantly lighted tunnel, through which the electric cars that had been crawling and hitching along the narrow, crowded streets above, now flash with the speed of the wind, and the certainty and ease of thought. This achievement, also, was the best the world had yet accomplished along this line.

But, strange to relate, for many months there remained, in the streets above, the electric poles and trolley wires, and for a long time the tracks also were there. The truth is, the electric car company was conducting an agitation for the return of a portion of its cars to the surface. A little matter of toll entered

Studies in the Art of Illustration

into the problem, with which it is not necessary here to deal.

This striking contrast furnishes a pretty good illustration of the right way and the wrong way to treat sin. You have a wicked habit which you are trying to conquer, or think you are. But you mourn over its constant recurrence. The wheels of your life, you think, have got to run along those tracks, and you cannot break the habit.

Ah, friend, *why have you not taken up the tracks?*

Are you not trying to see how near you can come to the sin and yet not actually commit it? Would you not like to go back to it again when it is perfectly safe? when you are quite sure no one will know anything about it? *Take up the tracks! Pry up the poles! Down with the wires!* Off with the old man, and on with the new! Become dead to sin, not half dead and half alive to it. Take no more thought for its vileness, the ugliness, the hatefulness. Just as sure as the old tracks are left down, you will be running upon them again.

POISONING THE LUNCH

FOR nearly all day, once, more than two hundred policemen of Newark, N. J., were hunting, it is said, for one poor cripple. The strange cause was this. When he was sent from home that morning, his mother by mistake spread on the sandwiches which she gave him for lunch, instead of mustard, a

Illustrating
Unkindness
at Home

Poisoning the Lunch

mixture of insect powder and vinegar. The father of the cripple, partaking of the same mixture, became violently ill soon after his son had left the house, and thus the mistake was discovered. The cripple was a pedler of writing-paper, and all the efforts of the police failed to find him in his wanderings, although a general alarm was sent out. Very fortunately, however, he had suspected something wrong with his lunch, and had not eaten it all, and therefore suffered but little.

This incident is suggestive of a very common household occurrence. How frequently it happens that husband or son, sister or brother, father or mother, is sent away from home for the day, bearing, in some shape or other, a spiritual poison as destructive to peace of mind as insect powder to the stomach! A frown at parting, a harsh word, an unkind criticism, or even fretful and importunate orders and charges, will often be sufficient to poison the whole day for those sent away in this manner, or for those left behind.

Of all the minutes in an ordinary day, no minute is likely to be so important, or to exercise so much influence for good or evil, as the minute of household separations, the husband and son for their work, the children to their school, the home bodies to their home tasks. In addition to these regular partings there are the many temporary separations, for calls, church, lectures, or journeys, which are to be considered equally important, and which often are equally neglected.

Studies in the Art of Illustration

Because these separations occur every day, or so frequently that they become commonplace, we easily become indifferent to their result. We treat them brusquely, with impatience, with carelessness, often with downright rudeness and unkindness. Should we stop to multiply that single minute by all the other minutes in the day over which it has an influence to cheer or to depress, to encourage or dishearten, we should often be shocked at the result.

A merry jest, or a cheery hope for the success of the day's work, whispered in the ear or shouted out of the doorway, will often make the difference between a day of failures and a day of successes. Follow to the door the departing members of the family. Let the house, as they look back upon it, have a human face in it, and not be blank wood or brick. Don't be afraid of a parting kiss. It is rarely that a kiss counts for more. Banish from that one moment all recriminations and criticisms, all suggestions as to conduct, reminders of errands and of duties. Take other time for these, but consecrate the moment of good-bye to affection and good wishes.

And if all this is urgent with reference to those who leave, often it is doubly urgent with reference to those left behind.

The pressing duties of the schoolroom and the rush of the counting-room may drive from the minds of the children, the father, the brother, these parting frowns and harsh words; but the monotony of the household routine serves rather to magnify them. It was the father who remained at home that ate the insect pow-

“Saving Our Face”

der, and not the cripple who went abroad, if you will remember our parable. Too often the members of the household whose work lies outside of it get up late, are hindered by their clothes, or their satchel, or their lunch, and leave worried and hurried and fretful, with knotted foreheads and stinging tongues, injecting into the household life of the day a plentiful supply of worse poison than insect powder.

By those who go and by those who stay, therefore, let care be taken for the moment of parting, as, for that matter, care should be taken for all other moments. And care for the parting moment will help it to be for all other moments. Send your dear ones away and leave them behind with warm hearts, and with loving looks and words to feed on during the day. Don't plaster the lunch with insect powder and vinegar.

“SAVING OUR FACE”

WHEN the Emperor of China, after the Boxer war, returned to Peking, the most elaborate preparations were made to “save the emperor's face,” as the Chinese express it, on the occasion of his entrance into his capital, so summarily abandoned. All the evidences of disaster were removed and covered up along the route his majesty took when he re-entered his disgraced capital. Great temporary pagodas were erected. The Chen Men gate was almost demolished by the bombardment. It was patched up with wood and plaster to resemble as

Illustrating
Spiritual
Pretenses

Studies in the Art of Illustration

much as possible the original stone. The same artifice was used wherever a part of the wall or a building along the line of march would offend the delicate sensibilities of the court by tokens of their military inferiority. Peking wore a mask of unviolated prowess.

Well, that is very Chinese. I wonder whether it is not also very Caucasian. I wonder whether you and I do not sometimes adopt artifices as simple and transparent for the sake of "saving our face." When, for instance, after an attack of passion or of evil indulgence, we return shamefacedly to the city of the soul, the capital of our kingdom of life, do we not try to hide even from our own eyes the ravages that sin has wrought? "No damage done, after all," we say to ourselves, as with stucco-work of silly pretense we plaster up our battered self-respect, our ruined honor, our tottering health, our crumbling manliness. "Give us a bucketful of stone-colored paint. There! It's as substantial as ever, you see."

We have saved our face.

SHEATHED TRAINS

ON the B & O they have made some experiments with sheathed trains that will probably have valuable and picturesque results. For a long time railroad men have known that if they could lessen the friction with the air caused by their rapidly moving trains, they might move ever so much faster. The experiments referred to are in that direction.

Illustration of
Getting on
Smoothly

Sheathed Trains

The idea is to smooth off all the rough angles and projections of the cars. A sheath extends down the sides nearly to the track—to within eight inches of it. Between the cars are rolled curtains dropping down to the steps and flush with the sides. The windows also are flush with the sides, and even the sheathing is laid in the direction of the train instead of up and down. The roof is easily arched, and the end car runs off to a point like the tail of a fish.

On the trial trip of which I have seen an account, a tender and six cars were used, with an engine of only fifty-seven tons. This train ran from Baltimore to Washington, a distance of forty miles, in thirty-seven minutes, thirty seconds. The least time in which this run had ever before been made was thirty-nine minutes, and that with an eighty-five-ton locomotive. It is thought that with a more powerful engine a sheathed train could easily travel at the rate of a mile in thirty-five seconds, or nearly two miles a minute.

Does not all this give us, beloved, a useful suggestion for our living? Oh, the roughnesses of our lives, the little frictions, the frets and worries, the trifling annoyances that trouble us all the more because we are ashamed to be troubled by them! Light as air they are, and as hard to see and to grasp, yet they are terribly real. The faster we go, the more there is of this air friction, and the more important it is to get rid of it. The faster we go, too, the less, usually, do we think about it, but consider it enough to crowd on more steam, and wonder why we do not get ahead.

Studies in the Art of Illustration

Let us sheath our trains ! Let us encase our lives in a serenity from which all worldly friction will slip away, harmless to impede our swift progress, so that every ounce of power we have shall count for all its worth.

And what is the sheathing ? You will find a full description of it in a certain old writer, who was one of the most practical men that ever lived. I can recall just now only a single phrase of the description. It is this : "Shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace."

NO HURRY

A LITTLE boy—this is a true story—was suffering one night from a severe cold. He had coughed violently for some time, sitting up in bed, and was unable to sleep. He didn't know any one was listening to him, but finally, when he was quite worn out, he prayed aloud in these beautiful words : "O God, please make me all well, right away. But you needn't hurry too much, for I can be very patient."

Now isn't that a model prayer ? How fond we are of dictating to God ! We know just what we want and just when we want it. We are sure we know just what we need, and precisely when it is best for us to get it ; namely, at once. We give no chance for God's supreme wisdom, His knowledge of the future, His understanding of us. We want Him to hurry, and think there is no danger of any "too much."

Automobile Christianity

How patient God has to be ! And how blessed it is that He answers our prayers according to their intent, and not according to their foolish, blundering words !

AUTOMOBILE CHRISTIANITY

WHAT a strange sight our streets are nowadays, to be sure, with their bicycles and electric cars and automobiles ! The latest arrival is the most mysterious looking of the lot, because the bicycle is evidently propelled by legs, and the electric car is bound

Illustration of
Zeal for God

to the rails below and the trolley-wire above, but the automobile sweeps gracefully and swiftly here and there with the airy certainty of a bird, and like the bird seems to be carried hither and thither by a wish. They say that the benefactor of all of us, Thomas Alva Edison (he ought always to have his full name), is at work on an automobile that will be within the reach of modest pocketbooks. When that day comes, good-bye to the livery stable and the bicycle and the perambulator. We shall all become automotists (is that the right word ?).

In the meantime, you and I, my dear Thinpurse, must be satisfied with being automobile Christians. That is better, anyway, than any machine the wit of man ever devised, because it carries one over the longest road—the road through eternity.

What do I mean by an automobile Christian ? Why, a Christian whose motive power is within himself. So many Christians have to be pulled ! Their

Studies in the Art of Illustration

Sunday-school teacher is in the shafts, tugging and puffing. Or it may be their wife, without whom they would not budge an inch along the Christian way. Or often it is their minister. Sometimes it is a noble friend, who "hitches on" and draws them after him to heaven.

But the automobile Christian—in his hands is the glorious future! He acts without being prodded, plans for himself and does not need to be told, accomplishes results for the Kingdom and does not require constant exhortation. He is the life of the church—he, and such as he. He is the motive power of Christianity. He has the Spirit of God within him, and is borne by the Spirit here and there as mysteriously as Philip was borne to the Ethiopian and then to Azotus. God bless the automobile Christian!

THAT DIAMOND RING

SOME months ago a peculiar loss occurred in Boston. A jeweller on Washington Street was at work by an open fourth-story window. He was setting two diamonds, valued at \$75, in a gold ring, when it slipped from his fingers and fell into the street below. The way that jeweller got down-stairs would have done no discredit to a streak of lightning, but when he reached the ground his ring had disappeared, and a street-car switchman near by remembered seeing a boy pick up something at that place and then make the best of his way out of sight. That was the end of the ring.

**Illustration of
Satan's
Alertness**

The Wrong Punishment

Brethren, there is one thing you may count on in this vale of tears, and that is that you will not catch the devil napping. Napoleon could get along with only five hours' sleep, on an average, but his Satanic Majesty gets along without any. Let go your grip on that precious jewel, a human soul,—your own soul or another's,—and he is always ready to pick it up and run away with it. Oh, he has sharp eyes and quick hands and swift feet! Do not take any chances with him, beloved!

THE WRONG PUNISHMENT

ONE of the most pathetic and beautiful stories I have ever heard is this: There was a little girl who had been very naughty indeed, so naughty that her mother said she must punish her by not kissing her for a week. At first that did not seem a very severe penalty, but by the second day the poor child's mouth became very hungry for her mother's kiss. "Couldn't you give me just a little one?" she begged. No, her mother must keep her word. She couldn't kiss her till the week was ended. Then came a final plea that must have won the day, though the account I read did not tell me: "But, mamma, couldn't you just come to-night, and kiss me after I get asleep?"

Illustration of
God's Way
and Ours

I have told this story to show the difference between our human ways of punishing, and God's. That mother might well have refused a kiss while the girl

Studies in the Art of Illustration

was sullen, defiant, unrepenting ; but as soon as she was sure her child was sorry, how quickly her arms should have opened, how ready should have been her caress ! For that is God's way of punishing and forgiving.

WHY FOLKS ARE TALL

I WAS talking the other day with that very much alive clergyman, Rev. Ernest Bourner Allen. Now

**Illustration of
Well-Used
Talents** I am so tall that my family calls me the "step-ladder," and uses me for that purpose ; but Mr. Allen is preposterously tall and exceedingly slender into the bargain, so as to remind one of an animated—a very much animated—knitting-needle. I was measuring up along side of him when he told me this story.

He was walking along a narrow path in his boyhood, and a long line of comrades was following behind him. Many cobwebs were stretched across the path, and the tall lad, of course, got them all. He began to splutter and complain of them, while the company behind chuckled, seeing that his longitude was taking them all and freeing them from the little annoyances.

At last an old minister who was with them spoke up. "Ernest," said he, "isn't that what you are for—to sweep cobwebs out of other people's way?"

Mr. Allen said that this little remark made a powerful impression upon him—an impression that has never

On the Moving Sidewalk

left him ; and all that know his cheery, helpful personality know how well he has carried out his mission of sweeping cobwebs out of other people's way.

That is what height is given you for, Christian ! You may be only four feet eight, or five feet two. Your friends may pity you for your brevity of form. But never forget what that little body, Dr. Isaac Watts, rhymed :—

“ Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or meet the heavens with a span,
I must be measured by my soul ;
The mind's the standard of the man.”

You have lofty ideals, noble thoughts, acquaintance with masterpieces of literature, knowledge of masterpieces of art, a wide outlook over the world, a splendid outlook into heaven. And why ? Why all this magnificent spiritual altitude ? In order that you may brush cobwebs out of other folks' way !

Are you doing it ?

Stand erect, stride ahead, and take them with a smile !

ON THE MOVING SIDEWALK

WHEN we were at the Paris Exposition, we all took a ride on the moving sidewalk—that convenient, flat, board-snake that winds in and out and rolls its sinuous length until it has compassed half the extensive grounds.

Illustration of
God's
Providence

It gave us a novel sensation, and it was especially interesting to see how smartly we were

Studies in the Art of Illustration

obliged to run against the platform in order to remain in one place,—opposite a certain tree-top, for example.

We soon settled ourselves, however, to being carried easily along. But not so the small boy of the party. He was in motion all the time. Now he would rush ahead to get over the ground faster than the machine. Now he would run backward. Now he would jump off to the less rapid platform, or jump on backward. Now he would play leapfrog with the railing. There was the rolling platform ready to carry him without any exertion, but he made his short legs bear him over twice the distance the platform traversed, and at the end of the trip his face was as red as a fire-cracker.

I noticed the same thing in the Exposition buildings, in connection with those interesting and useful moving stairways. You stepped on board, grasping firmly the moving rail, and were borne sedately up to the second floor without the tension of a muscle. To be sure, it was quite an apoplectic problem to get *off* the contrivance without toppling on one's face, but none the less it is an ideal way of getting up-stairs.

And yet fully half the people who tried the affair *ran* up the moving stairway!

These observations taught me some things. Here is God's mighty Providence moving irresistibly around me. It is kind, thoughtful, mighty. It is ready to take me up whenever I am weary, and carry me into all blessedness, and over all obstacles, and around all difficulties. I need not use my little strength. *It* is strong enough for both, and for all the race of men

On the Moving Sidewalk

besides, and for all the worlds and suns. God's Providence,—that is ready at any time to catch me up in everlasting arms, and be and do everything for me!

Yet—O fool that I am!—how I fume, and how I fret, and how I bend my back and strain my arms, and press hot feet against the shards! How my weary heart beats, and my despairing brain throbs, and how often I faint and fall by the way!

O Christ, be Thou my Way!

Index

ADVERTISING	191
Alcohol, Its abomination	181
"Alice in Wonderland," The Moral of	24
All Moonshine	67
Appearance, A good	90
Appreciation of blessings	95
Armour Way, The	45
Art of Floating, The	56
At Napoleon's Tomb	100
Attention	115
Attracting attention	191
Automobile Christianity	225
Beginning the day	74
Being Level-Headed	83
Biography Worth Having, A	203
"Bon Voyage"	149
Brotherhood	149
Bumble Bee, The	184
Business Signature, A	206
By Jerks	209
Canoe Contrivance, A	60
Careful living	47
Careful thinking	77
Caroline's Rowing	125
Caroline's Vocabulary	33
Character, Force of	41
Cheer	70
Cheer in dark hours	196

Index

Christmas spirit	107
Climb Trees	85
Coat, A Well-Fitting	90
Common things, Pleasure in them	65
Companionships	91
Composing-Stick, The	170
Conquest of Contempt, The	154
Conscience hardened	96
Conscience, Killing it	179
Correcting errors	21
Croaking	153
 Dead Tooth, A	 179
"Dealer in Anything and Everything"	151
Death, Wrong views of	53
Decision	174
"Dele"	172
Dentist, What He Might Say	29
Derricks	168
Determination	60
Difference the Tide Made, The	157
Difficulty of a Front Lawn, The	132
Diversified interests	134
Doing one's best	136
Don't Push!	143
Double personality	79
"Do You Get Him?"	129
 Epistolary helpfulness	 177
Evening up one's life	207
"Ever-Ready," My	68
Expression, The grace of	102
 Faith	 56
Fame, Lasting	81
Familiarity with evil	166
Fast living	145
Fear, Its conquest	117

Index

Fickleness	206
Floating, The Art of	58
Flow South !	102
Flying Other People's Flags	147
Folly, Its fascination	122
" Force "	160
Force of character	41
Fountain pen	82
Friendship	75
Frog Showers	153
Full use of life	124
Garments and the Gospel	189
Getting close to people	119
Getting on smoothly	222
Getting Out of Bed	74
Gift Angels	104
Giving, Modest	45
Giving, Wise	104
God's way and ours	227
Gold in Garbage	51
Good judgment	83
Gum, A Matter of	110
Hands and the Venus, The	91
Heaven, Its surprises	57
Heaven, Our record in	203
Helen Keller	213
Hello !	79
Helpfulness of Mud, The	167
Help in time	198
Heroism ready	44
Hidden Wealth	41
Hindering good people	215
Holiness halfway	141
Home joys	43
Home, Love of	27
Home unkindness	218

Index

Honey in the Home	43
How Do You Feel?	96
How Many Languages?	119
How to Forget Fear	117
How to Play Quoits	212
Hypnotism	87
Hypocrisy	193
 Ideals	85
Impersonal living	154
In Debt	63
Influencing men	17
Intermittent Shiners	136
"I Wish You "	107
 Jesse Pomeroy's Cell, In	39
Joining the church	163
 Keeping men at work	15
 Learn to Climb Trees	85
Lesson from the Symmetroscope, A	65
Level-headed	83
Lift-Up Letters and Pull-Down Letters	177
Light-Diffusers	207
Liquid Air, What It Can Do	31
Look out for the Safety-Valves!	113
Loveliest Spot in Boston, The	116
 Magnifying One's Office	37
Making the best of things	170
Mark Time—March!	138
Matter of Gum, A	110
Mental depression	161
Mental frigidity	31
Microbes in Your Mouth	49
Mind poorly filled	202
Missionary spirit	204

Index

Moral of "Alice in Wonderland," The	24
Mosquitoes—in Time	211
Mud	167
My Fountain Pen and I	82
My Old Friend, Niagara	51
My Phosphorescent Clock	196
My Safety Razor	166
My Supersensitive Watch	118
 Napoleon's Tomb	 100
Nautilus People	95
Neglected lives	132
New ideas, Getting them	33
Niagara, My Old Friend	57
No Hurry	224
 Obstinacy	 93
Old Brass	175
"On Deck"	70
One Hundred and Sixty Miles in 150 Minutes	45
One-sided	87
On Sidings	19
On the Moving Sidewalk	229
Opposing God's will	157
Ordering Lunch	174
"Out of Sorts"	161
Overcoming obstacles	213
Overflow, The	124
Overheard at the Fruit-Stand	186
 Pains and Perfection	 47
Parable of a Gangplank, The	155
Paris Shop Window, A	200
Paste Diamonds	193
Patches	21
Patience	224
Peaceful life	167
Peaches, The Science of Buying	13

Index

Pencil, When it is sharp	35
Persistence	127
Pledges at the Counter	109
Poisoning the Lunch	218
Portable Churches	204
Power, Its secret	160
Praise	125
Prayer-Meeting Mirror, A	115
Preparation for work	35
Pride in one's work	37
"Progressive" thought	194
Proportion, Sense of	19
Providence	184, 229
Pugnacity	131
Quoits	212
Reaching hearts	129
Ready-Made Hero, A	44
Reform, Its Power	109
Rejected Manuscripts	127
Removal Sales	194
Reserve at the Wheel, The	112
Rest days	168
Reverence	100
Sabbath-keeping	200
Safety-brake, The	36
Safety-valves	113
Satan's alertness	226
"Saving Our Face"	221
Science of Buying Peaches, The	13
See Whom You Are Holding	215
Selfishness	143
Serene living	55
Set in Your Way	93
Set on a Hill	80
Sewing on a Button	75

Index

Sheathed Trains	222
Shifting Cargoes	202
Shoddy Folks	182
Short-lived excellencies	182
Shut out from Home	27
Sidings, On	19
Sin, Breaking with it	217
Sin, Getting rid of it	172
Sin, its beginnings	211
Sin, its results	29
Sin's imprisonment	39
Sins of the past	63
Single-hearted	212
Sit Crooked and Judge Straight	77
Slums by Preference, The	122
Smoke, What It Said	98
Snap judgments	186
Sorrow, Its advantage	116
Speech, Wise	188
Spiritual pretenses	221
Stability in living	24
Steady aim	61
Stem-Winders	15
Stolen notions	67
Success, Its secret	110
Symmetroscope, A Lesson from the	65
Sympathy	147
Take Up the Tracks !	217
Talents well-used	228
Taste of Words, The	188
Temptation, Common	49
That Diamond Ring	226
" That's All "	181
They Make No Sign	198
" Thin " Roll, A	61
Thoroughness, Too Much	68
Those Top Boards	141

Index

Timidity in testimony	118
Tobacco, The folly of	98
Truth-winning	13
Two selves	19
Two Theories of Advertising	191
Typewriter Talk	17
Uneven tempers	113
Unsteady living	209
Unsuitable Symbols	53
Unused hoardings	175
Usefulness of Uniforms, The	163
Venus of Milo	91
Versatility	151
Waiting times in life	138
War Lung	131
Warnings from God	36
Wealth, Real	51
Well-Fitting Coat, A	90
What the Smoke Said	98
When Gushers Cease to Gush	134
Why Folks are Tall	228
Why Helen Keller is Happy	213
Why They Keep Up the Derricks	168
Wipe Your Glasses	55
Work, Keeping men at it	16
Work, Perpetuating it	112
Work, Poor	82
Work, Preparation for it	35
Work, Pride in	37
Work that goes smoothly	155
Worship, Empty	189
Wrong Punishment, The	227
Zeal for God	225

